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EDITORIAL

TURNING BACK *WEBSTER*

Feminist organizing has taken great strides since last November, when state referendums to ban funding for abortions for poor women passed in Michigan, Colorado and Arkansas. Back then, Democratic politicians avoided the issue, and abortion rights advocates were desperate for help. Since the *Webster* decision, however, a new wave of activism is challenging the hegemony of the Republican-antiabortion axis at every level. Full abortion rights remain a distant goal, but each little victory matters.

On October 11, the Florida State Legislature turned back efforts, spearheaded by Governor Bob Martinez, to place further restrictions on women's access to abortion. The victory (technically a draw) shows that even if the Supreme Court upholds regulations on abortion clinics and parental notification rules in cases that it will hear this fall, a serious campaign by pro-choice forces can negate such moves. In both New Jersey and Virginia, Democrats running for Governor have improved their chances with their pro-choice stands. And now Congress is moving to restore Federal funding for abortions in cases of rape or incest.

With the emphasis necessarily on the abortion issue, however, it's easy to forget the rest of the agenda. Unfortunately, the news is mixed. Women are still paid 65 cents for every dollar paid to a man, and the fight for comparable worth is not faring well in the courts. Although Congress may be on the verge of passing a child care bill, the funds appropriated will fall short of the frugal $2.5 billion called for by the original Act for Better Child Care. And does anyone remember parental leave, which was coming on strong in the last Congress?

But the state abortion battles show that what courts and legislatures take away, a new generation of feminist mobilization can take back.

AMERICAN DRUG LORDS
Alexander Cockburn

CAMBODIAN SYNDROME
Susan Blaustein

SESSIONS AND THE F.B.I.
Diana R. Gordon

IRISH HIT SQUADS
Laura Flanders

TIANANMEN DOZE
Mitch Berman
Susanne Lee

WANG MENG
Hortense Calisher
Willis Barnstone

PRIVATIZING ACADEME

CORPORATE TAKEOVER ON CAMPUS

LEONARD MINSKY AND DAVID NOBLE

Fall is upon us, and parents and students have been struggling to scrape together the money for college tuition. This year's will be the highest ever. Tuition increases will outpace inflation for the ninth straight year. Hardest hit are the students themselves, especially those from minority families who face increasingly restricted access to higher education.

In the face of these increases, students will probably resume their vigorous multiracial protests of last year. Throughout the country, on a scale not seen since the Vietnam War, students have been occupying buildings, conducting teach-ins, and staging rallies, demonstrations and sit-ins to protest higher tuition. "There is a resurgence of the urgency of the student movement of the 1960s, but now the issues are of impoverishment," observed a student activist at the University of New Mexico, where students last spring occupied the president's office for thirteen days. Students also occupied a building at the City University of New York, while several hundred students at Rutgers University, chanting, "Fight, fight, fight—education is a right," clashed with police after storming the dean's office. The melee resulted in seventy-one arrests. Other protests occurred at Stanford, Ohio University, the University of Wisconsin and Berkeley.

Some have argued that the tuition increases are a result of the Reagan Administration's cutbacks in Federal student aid programs, which forced the universities to make up

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LETTERS.

STRONG SUIT

Washington

We appreciate the contributions that Alexander Cockburn has made to the progressive community; however, we must take issue with his inaccurate portrayal of the Christic Institute's La Penca lawsuit ["Beat the Devil," May 29].

Cockburn finds it silly that anyone would advocate a "secret team" theory that might, even by implication, exonerate the government of its responsibility for the direction of U.S. foreign policy and the existence of private covert operations organizations. Frankly, so do we. This is *not* what the Christic Institute is doing.

Our civil suit (*Avirgan v. Hull, et al.*) of necessity charges only civilians; civil suits against government officials are too frequently blocked by claims of immunity against discovery and liability. *Avirgan v. Hull* was carefully crafted to expose individuals whose history and pattern of criminal activity began while they were still in government, and who have had a hand-in-glove arrangement with government officials even after they entered the private sector.

Former Director of Central Intelligence William Casey used the term "off-the-shelf operation" to describe the private enterprises set up to undertake covert operations that the government wanted to keep at arm's length. And Oliver North in his recent trial explained that he was instructed to carry out activities outside government channels through the Secord-Hakim enterprise, composed largely of the defendants in our civil suit. The enterprise, North said, had formed a "mirror image" of the C.I.A. in the private sector. Call it what you will, the phenomenon is real, and only the naïve indeed would pretend that it sprang whole cloth from the private sector.

The Christic Institute's twin goals are to bring a number of these private covert operatives (our defendants) to justice in a court of law and to expose the broader context of their activities in order to challenge the policies that permit the enterprise and its partners in government to carry out covert operations with reckless disregard for human rights, the rule of law and the Constitution.

A word about fund-raising, since "soaking it up" seems to have occasioned Cockburn's barrage. The theory that the success of one group spells doom for the others is thoroughly outdated. Professional funders have found that once people are persuaded to give to one cause, they are more likely to give to more than one. And since Christic support comes mainly from a broad base of small donors, one could as easily argue that we have expanded the progressive funding base for all, particularly by new outreach into the religious community.

Finally, if the Christic Institute's main success has been "raising money for itself" (a theory that hardly squares with our track record), where is it? We are a nonprofit organization; we have no endowment; we spend frugally; our salaries are low, even by public-interest standards; and we will match the modesty of our offices, which are located in one of the poorest neighborhoods in Washington, with the offices of any of our peers.

The Christic Institute is as concerned as any organization about the dearth of funds finding their way to progressive causes. But if there is one problem that is bigger than lack of funds, it is the tendency of progressive organizations to attack one another, rather than to try to find some common ground from which to address critical national issues of concern to us all.

As for the Christic Institute, we will continue to investigate the activities of the enterprise and its links to the government, and to broaden the group of concerned citizens active on these issues. *Sara Nelson*
Christic Institute

COCKBURN REPLIES

Ardmore, Ireland

Many supporters of the Christic Institute's activities wrote in to protest my critical remarks, and Sara Nelson's letter embodies their basic argument. I've no wish to be unnecessarily contentious, since we all share many basic positions, but let me summarize briefly my view of the Christic Institute suit.

I think the suit and particularly the affidavit, in its various versions, has fostered the essentially liberal idea that U.S. foreign policy in the postwar period has been animated by decent principles perverted by rogue forces. Many people persuaded of a wider conspiracy to murder President Kennedy similarly believe that a supposedly impending decent initiative by Kennedy—withdrawal from Vietnam—was thwarted by these same darker forces. I disagree with this analysis. U.S. foreign policy in the postwar period has been executed by the government through its various agencies and agents. Nelson says that the distinction in the suit between individuals and government was tactical, that the suit is really against the government. This does not square entirely with statements made by Christic's leading representatives in the past, but in any case points to a second problem.

The notion of using the courts to put the government or its agents—"rogue" or otherwise—on trial is another essentially liberal idea. It assumes that the judicial branch of government can be impartial in assessing the actions of the executive branch and its agents—"rogue" or otherwise. This again fosters illusions. Such trials may have some educational value, but they involve immense expense and end in the dashing of expectations amid tragi-comic protests that some particular judge was "biased," or otherwise swayed or suborned by the darker forces. Throughout the whole of the Vietnam War, no court challenge to the legality of that criminal enterprise succeeded.

The Christic Institute's suit has tended to monopolize funds that could have been helpful in other causes. Nelson disputes this, but I did not make the point idly, without observation over a reasonably long period. Take the case of just one town in the Northwest with a fine activist community involved in anti-intervention political work. Organizers in the town's Central American coalition have told me that Christic fund-raising has indeed tended to soak up much of the local pool of money and that Christic supporters and donors in the town tended not to be involved in coalition work. I would suspect that the psychology of this latter, regrettable phenomenon is that a Christic supporter tends to think that the suit will somehow solve everything, somewhat in the way that many people believed, and indeed continue to believe, that discovery of the "truth" of the assassination of President Kennedy would, so to speak, unlock the politics of the last quarter-century. *Alexander Cockburn*

STATE OF EMERGENCY

New York City

Your editorial "Real Sanctions" in the October 9 issue made the point that the United Nations hearings on transnational corporations "went virtually unreported in the U.S. press." In fact, a crew from *South Africa Now*, the public television newsmagazine, was on hand—the only television reporters from the United States. Our program reported on the panel's recommendations for stronger sanctions and interviewed corporate spokesmen.

Sadly, our program, now seen weekly on sixty-two public television stations, is in danger of going off the air, in part because of a lack of funding support from the progressive community that has been applauding our efforts to fill the void in coverage.

Like the country we cover, we have proclaimed a state of emergency. Perhaps *Nation* readers will help us remain on the air. Tax-deductible contributions should be made payable to The Africa Fund/South Africa Now, and mailed to *South Africa Now*, 361 W. Broadway, New York, NY 10013.
Danny Schechter

FED UP

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

The Federal Reserve Board makes a serious mistake when it relies almost exclusively on a restricted money supply combined with high interest rates to control inflation. It was encouraging to read Bernard D. Nossiter's

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EDITORIALS.

Panama Follies

Once again the radical right, ignoring the historical, moral, political and military lessons of the Bay of Pigs, Iran/*contra* and Vietnam, would call for unilateral U.S. intervention to oust the Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega. Once again the national security types call for a lifting of restraints on covert action by the Central Intelligence Agency—including the prohibition on assassinating foreign leaders.

So it's no surprise, but it's still distressing that the vast majority of Congressional Democrats have joined in the chorus, baying for another Bay of Pigs. Indeed, in the immediate aftermath of the coup attempt, one of the few voices praising President Bush on his restraint (prematurely, it turned out) was Senate Foreign Relations Committee chair Claiborne Pell.

What, then, is the lesson of the latest bungle? The right argues that it demonstrates once again how the United

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States humiliates itself whenever it does not take off the gloves and use full military force. We would contend, however, that bungling is inherent in most interventionary actions, and that such actions diminish our international reputation and erode democracy at home.

Beyond that, we question the presupposition, common on both sides of the aisle, that Panama is a domestic problem and that international law does not apply (as it applied, say, to the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan). The U.S. record of adherence to international law has been consistently bad, especially during the Reagan years, though previous Administrations are also guilty—e.g., the C.I.A. interventions in Iran and Guatemala in the 1950s. In the past decade we've seen the Grenada invasion, the bombing of Libya, support for the *contras*, defiance of World Court rulings. Yet adherence to international law would serve U.S. interests (not to mention the interests of humankind) far better than the prevailing assumption in Washington that this country should use force as an instrument of foreign policy.

Back in the hottest days of the cold war, the best way to get the United States moving again—investing in scientific research or education, for example—was to point out that the Russians were ahead of us. Now Mikhail Gorbachev is calling for the rule of law in international affairs. Perhaps this new challenge will get America moving—toward a multilateral foreign policy, in the region and in the world.

Penny Lernoux

Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*'s Latin America correspondent, died of cancer on October 8. Looking back over almost twenty years of her clips now, one marvels at the prescience of Penny's reporting. The second article she wrote for us was about Panama. It warned of the explosion that might one day result from the lethal brew of U.S. arrogance, Latin American nationalism and Panama's growing importance as a drug-trafficking center. That was in 1972.

When Penny chronicled the abuses of the powerful, it was to advance the empowerment of the poor. Her book *Cry of the People*, published in 1982, was the first to describe the martyrdom of the Catholic Church at the hands of the dictators who ruled most of Latin America. *In Banks We Trust* (1984) documented the malevolent role of those institutions in the debt and drug crises. Her most recent work, *People of God*, was a superb critique of the Catholic Church, passionate in its sympathy for the popular church in Latin America and the United States.

There are many good journalists, but very few who carve out a terrain that is all their own. Where the politics of empire and the morality of liberation theology intersected, Penny Lernoux was an investigative reporter of the highest order. She espoused professional values that some might regard as old-fashioned—patience, attention to detail, a fat notebook of the best sources in town. If she had been a baseball pitcher, it would have been said of Penny that she had terrific mechanics. The mentor of whom she spoke ceaselessly was Carey McWilliams—"Saint Carey," she called him—editor of *The Nation* from 1955-1975.

Penny's reporting made her enemies, of course. Ronald Reagan, in the days when he was preparing his run for the presidency from the studios of radio station KGO in San Francisco, denounced her by name one day in 1978 as a leader of the conspiracy to unseat Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza. Dogmatists of the left, too, could find Penny unsettling. She was bemused by the polemics that sometimes swirled around her and would explain that she was simply tone-deaf to the tunes that some readers expected her to sing. Penny came from another tradition, and her primary loyalty was not to any secular political organization but to the kind of Christianity represented by men like Brazilian Cardinal Paulo Evaristo Arns and women like the Maryknoll Sisters ("my spiritual family"), brave, humorous, battle-scarred women like Penny herself.

Fittingly, Penny Lernoux was buried in the Maryknoll cemetery, on a tree-shaded hillside above the Hudson River Valley. When she died, she was at work on a narrative history of the Maryknoll Sisters. For her next project, she had often talked of a book on the Colombian city of Cartagena. Colombia had long been her home. But the crack gangs had taken over the streets of La Candelaria, the lovely Spanish colonial neighborhood of Bogotá where Penny lived with her husband, Denis, and their daughter, Angela. Last year Penny had found a quiet place in Connecticut where Angela could grow up in a safer environment.

Penny Lernoux was a marvelous friend, loyal and passionate. She crackled with vitality; she could be raucous and funny; when late-night conversations turned to the follies of the powerful, she always had the best anecdotes and was usually the first to the bottom of the whiskey bottle. She was also an editor's dream, massively well-informed, endlessly open to dialogue, punctilious over deadlines, apologetic if a 2,000-word piece was three lines long. A good magazine needs many qualities, but more than anything it needs the moral core that is provided by someone like Penny Lernoux. Her death, at the early age of 49, with a dozen books, and articles beyond number, still to be written, is a painful loss for all of us.

De-taxification

A natural law in Washington is that political issues exist in their own vacuums. They are unconnected to other issues and are not linked to root causes, which, for Washington lawmakers, do not exist. Two recent headline grabbers—the capital gains tax fight and the repudiation of the catastrophic health care law—demonstrate quite clearly how Congress practices a particularly atomized form of politics.

Confronted by a tidal wave of complaints from better-to-do elderly Americans who didn't like the idea of paying for a program to help their poorer generational comrades, the nonvertebrates in Congress—a sizable, bipartisan majority—backtracked and gutted the catastrophic health care law.

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Only sixteen months after it had easily passed and been heralded to the skies, 360 representatives and 99 senators, including many whose constituents stood to benefit in great numbers from the program, voted to undo the law.

All the noise about generational politics and greedy seniors obscures the larger issue: The U.S. health care system does not make sense. It is tremendously expensive and leaves far too many unprotected. Rather than debate whether seniors should pick up the tab for their own, legislators should ponder how health care consumers could pay equitably for a system that serves everyone. Only in the absence of a more fundamental—and more needed—debate could the fight over catastrophic health care be so contentious.

Congress deals with economic policy much in the same can't-see-the-forest-for-the-trees fashion. An exception was the Tax Reform Act of 1986, which was intended to settle basic issues of tax inequity. Congress closed many loopholes for the rich, but in return lowered their tax rates and treated capital gains in the same manner as income. President Bush pulled the rug out from under this grand compromise when he proposed slashing the capital gains tax. The House went along, and all of a sudden the floodgates were open. In a thirteen-hour session on October 3 and 4 that lasted until nearly 3 A.M., the Senate Finance Committee dished out tax breaks at such a rate that aides lost track. When the smoke cleared, over $28 billion in breaks had been delivered. A huge chunk went to those making $50,000 or more who could take advantage of revived individual retirement accounts, but the fortunate also included producers of grain-based gasoline additives ($500 million), millionaire grandparents ($112 million) and, yes, tuxedo rental companies.

With the capital gains affair and the breakdown of the 1986 plan, tax politics has returned to a series of individual battles in which special interests will fight for special breaks—and in far too many cases will win. Basic notions of tax equity will be lost in the storm.

Both the tax break fight and the catastrophic cave-in are evidence of Congress's inability to deal with fundamentals. Most of the blame for that rests with the party in power on Capitol Hill. The Democrats are unable (or unwilling) to synthesize a coherent and wide-ranging platform of opposition. There is a natural tie between a fair tax system and a fair health care system. In fact, the latter is dependent on the former and justifies it. But few Democrats talk this way. They are all-too-witting accomplices in the subdivision of politics into disconnected episodes occurring in vacuums, where neither sound nor ideas carry. DAVID CORN

A Bankers' World

Bankers, finance ministers and multinational bureaucrats congratulated themselves on the triumph of capitalism and partied expensively at this year's joint meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, held in Washington the last week of September, but there wasn't much in the way of news. Most of the serious business was deferred. Everybody expressed a desire to save Poland, but nobody knew exactly what to do. Almost everyone publicly praised Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady's plan for debt reduction, but privately most people agreed that the debt crisis might be getting worse. Bankers seemed more interested in getting out of the Third World, not getting more deeply involved with it.

The only real news was the World Bank's new environmental assessment program. The bank has long been criticized for financing ecological and social catastrophes disguised as economic development—giant dams that flood the homelands of indigenous peoples, for example, or deforestation in the name of export-oriented agriculture.

About two years ago the bank announced with great fanfare a new environmental initiative; an environment department was formed, studies were commissioned and promises were made. Unfortunately, little of substance has changed. The environment department is kept safely quarantined from the power elite—the operations staff—which is rewarded for pumping out loans, not obstructing them.

The new environmental assessment program requires that each project financed by the bank pass the test of being "environmentally sound and sustainable." That sounds very nice and is probably better than nothing, but both the bank's history and the directive's language inspire skepticism. Several problems are immediately apparent:

§ Borrowing countries, already debt burdened, are expected to pay for the environmental assessment; the cost will probably be tacked onto the loan. The program could then turn into a bonanza for consultants rather than making environmental sustainability an integral part of economic development.

§ There is no guarantee that citizens of borrowing countries will have access to information regarding projects for which their government is contracting. Some countries have arrested people on "national security" grounds for asking too many questions about development projects. In its environmental assessment directive, the bank merely "expects the borrower to take the views of affected groups . . . into account." While the bank has always been willing to make its loans conditional on fiscal austerity, it shows no comparable interest in making openness part of the deal.

§ The bank specifically excludes nonproject loans from the environmental review. Thus lending for "structural adjustment"—the promotion of austerity and free market reforms that is so fashionable in the economic development racket these days—is excluded. Countries on the brink of starvation might find it quite tempting to rape the environment to pay their next interest bill. By confining its attention to project lending, however, the bank conveniently ignores the structural factors promoting environmental degradation.

Some environmentalists at the meeting concluded that the bank had merely learned a new Orwellian dialect, "Greenspeak." With the bank, it's best to ignore what they say and watch what they do. Environmental groups and other World Bank–watchers have their work cut out for them.

DOUG HENWOOD

Doug Henwood is editor of Left Business Observer.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Getting Opium to the Masses: The Political Economy of Addiction

On June 22, 1757, 1,000 Europeans and 2,000 native troops under the command of Robert Clive confronted the army of Suraj-ud-Dowlah amid the mango trees at Plassey, not far from Murshidabad, the capital of the Mogul viceroys of Bengal. By sundown Clive had won the day for Britain's East India Company, which duly set about securing the revenues from its vast new assets, among which was counted the monopoly of opium cultivated in India. Sixteen years later the company wrested from the Portuguese the opium trade with China and by 1790 was exporting thither 5,000 chests of the drug.

The trade was not welcomed by the Chinese government. Importation was forbidden in 1796, and penalties as severe as death were imposed for opium smoking. But the opium ships were not deterred, and by 1839 the British were bringing 3 million pounds of opium a year into China. Emperor Tao-Kwang sent a commissioner, Lin Tse-hsu, to Canton to suppress the trade. Thus began the opium wars, at whose conclusion the British compelled the Chinese government to submit. In 1858 importation of opium was legalized, and by 1880 the British were exporting almost 11,000 tons of opium a year into China.

On September 19, 1989, the Office of the U.S. Trade Representative held hearings in Washington on the export of American-made cigarettes to Thailand and their promotion. Pivotal to the hearings was a piece of legislation, Section 301 of the revised 1974 Trade Act, that permits the government, if persuaded that U.S. exporters are experiencing "unfair" or "discriminatory" trade restrictions abroad, to take punitive action against the offending nation. The British East India Company would readily have understood the nature of the proceedings that September day. The major U.S. tobacco companies were petitioning to force Thailand, which for twenty years has had a successful antismoking campaign and whose Cabinet in 1987 approved a proposal for a total ban on cigarette consumption, to admit American cigarettes under pain of serious sanctions if they refuse.

Among the witnesses appearing that day was the Surgeon General, Dr. C. Everett Koop. Scheduled to relinquish his post a few days later, Koop had not cleared his testimony with the White House and said subsequently that had he attempted to do so the White House would certainly have quashed it. One can see why. There is, Koop said, the "perception" among ministers of health he has encountered at international meetings that "our trade policy is to push addicting substances into foreign markets, disregarding the sentiment of the foreign government and the future health of its population." Attempts to force Thailand to rescind "wise restrictions" on cigarette use and promotion were "egregious," "deplorable," "unconscionable" and, apart from anything else, interference with the sovereignty of another nation. "Years from now," Koop concluded, "I'm afraid that our nation will look back on this application of free trade policy and find it scandalous, as the rest of the world does now. . . . at a time when we are pleading with foreign governments to stop the export of cocaine, it is the height of hypocrisy for the United States to export tobacco." "Consider these figures," Koop ended. "Last year in the United States, 2,000 people died from cocaine. In that same year, cigarettes killed 390,000 people."

In the wake of President Bush's September 5 speech on drugs, 163 drug-related stories appeared on the three major network newscasts alone. No such saturation attended one of the most savage denunciations of U.S. government policy ever made by one of its own appointed officials. There was some coverage by ABC, the *Today* show and *MacNeil/Lehrer*, but in the national newspapers, so far as I could tell, only *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Christian Science Monitor* reported on the hearings. The fact that the United States, as a matter of conscious national policy, is by far the most consequential drug trafficker in the world today remains largely obscured.

The Pushers Head East

The strategy of the major U.S. tobacco companies is scarcely a secret. Their prospective customers are increasingly to be found among the poor, at home and abroad. Ghetto kids in America trade crack in the shadow of billboards promoting tobacco. In industrialized nations the smoking rate is decreasing by 1.5 percent a year, while in the Third World the rate is rising by 2 percent a year. To keep profits stable the industry needs 2.5 million new smokers a year to replace those who either break their addiction or die. To find those new addicts the tobacco companies are focusing their energies on Asia.

The present onslaught has an interesting pedigree. The tobacco companies began nurturing a Third World market for the taste of mild tobacco at the end of World War II. During the first twenty-five years of the "Food for Peace" program the United States exported about $1 billion worth of tobacco, providing long-term loans on the exported commodity to such countries as Malaysia and Thailand, with the understanding that if the profits were put toward U.S.-approved development projects the initial loan would be forgiven. This is standard practice for any pusher: offering the novice easy terms until the addiction is securely rooted.

A decade ago, Susan Motley writes in the July/August 1987 issue of *Multinational Monitor*, the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization reported that tobacco had already replaced other food crops on 10.9 million acres of the world's farmable land, most of it in the Third World. The World Health Organization, she notes, has estimated that tobacco production drove the Third World's food costs up from $8 billion in 1971 to $50 billion in 1980. The pattern is simple enough. Take the region round Santa Cruz, Brazil. The land is devoted mostly to growing tobacco, which is then exported, while fresh fruit and vegetables must be imported. Throughout the Third World tobacco production has contributed to deforestation and erosion. In 1984 the World

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Bank stated that 12 percent of all felled timber is used in the curing of tobacco.

In Asia cigarette consumption is increasing by 5.5 percent annually, and smokers throughout the region are consuming about half the U.S. export. America's tobacco czars quiver contemplating the Chinese market, estimated to be worth $6 billion a year.

Light Up in Asia

After 1975 the U.S. Cigarette Export Association (a far more potent relative of the Medellín cartel, composed of the top three tobacco companies, R.J. Reynolds, Philip Morris and Brown & Williamson) pressured Japan and other Far Eastern countries to remove their trade barriers against cigarette imports. Finally, in quick succession, Japan (1986), Taiwan (1987) and South Korea (1988) all crumpled under the onslaught of the tobacco peddlers and their agents.

President Reagan called upon U.S. Trade Representative Clayton Yeutter to brandish the weapon of Section 301. The tobacco companies enlisted former Reagan aides such as Michael Deaver, Richard Allen and Alexander Haig to lobby on their behalf. In July 1985, Deaver met with President Chun Doo Hwan of South Korea for seventy-five minutes, pressing the cause of Philip Morris. A year later Senator Jesse Helms dispatched a letter to Japan's Prime Minister Nakasone urging that a 20 percent domestic market share be allotted to U.S. cigarettes and intimating that his own support for a substantial U.S. defense presence in the Pacific depended on a favorable decision. In fact, the extent of influence peddling in this area might make the HUD scandal look demure.

On October 26, 1986, a week before important Southern Congressional races, Reagan announced that Japan had agreed to U.S. demands. Fourteen months later American cigarettes had already captured 13 percent of the Japanese market. R.J. Reynolds had to weather some adverse comment in the Japanese press when a consignment of more than 160 million Winston Lights was found to be contaminated with a weed killer called Dicamba. (Although a P.R. strategist could argue that the long-range benefits of being able to declare cigarettes "not contaminated" might outweigh such temporary embarrassments.)

By the close of 1988 cigarette advertising on Japanese television had jumped from fortieth to second place in terms of total air time. About 90 percent of Japan's new smokers are adolescents, which is generally consistent with a worldwide pattern that each day sees 5,000 kids turn on to tobacco for the first time. The advertisements are aimed primarily at women and the young. My colleague Deborah Sklar, who assembled much of the research presented here, remarks that in Japan the women she knew who smoked tended to think of themselves as taking a liberated stance in a society where it is still somewhat taboo for women to smoke. About 63 percent of Japanese men smoke, as against some 13 percent of the women. During her two years in Japan, Sklar was frequently offered packs of cigarettes by pretty young women doing promotion on the street, particularly around discos and clubs. (In 1929 the American P.R. man Edward Bernays prompted young women to light up Lucky Strikes as a demonstration of independence.)

Now the U.S. tobacco companies are targeting Thailand and urging sanctions under Section 301. Once again there is an instructive history. In 1949 and 1950 the United States sponsored Kuomintang forces who were expelled from China and lodged in Burma's Shan states, abutting northern Thailand. These forces found opium production preferable to battling the Chinese revolution. A Thai general backed by the C.I.A., Sriyanonda Phao, financed his patronage system and political supremacy in Thailand with the opium supplied by the K.M.T. Throughout the 1950s opium addiction, previously of small consequence in Thailand, grew rapidly.

There were Thais at the September 19 hearings. One of them, Professor Prakit Vateesatokit, asked "Are there really differences between cigarettes and cocaine? They are both major U.S. public health problems. They are both addiction. They both cause disease and disability and death." In response to the claim of U.S. tobacco companies that their product is the best in the world, Surin Pitsuwan remarked, "Certainly in the Golden Triangle we have some of the best products, but we never ask the principle of free trade to govern such products. In fact we suppressed [them]."

Representative Chet Atkins has co-written legislation, in the form of the Tobacco Export Reform Act, that would make cigarette advertising abroad subject to the same restrictions that exist in the United States. Cigarettes would have to carry warnings in the relevant language. No appropriated funds could be used by anyone in the executive branch to encourage the imposition of import duties and quotas as a way to push tobacco overseas. Atkins tells us support for his bill is mounting as people realize that the issue is "health, not trade."

In fact, the social and health consequences of the cocaine trade from the Andes are trivial when compared with the horrors that U.S. tobacco traffickers are inflicting upon the Third World. In 1986 the W.H.O. stated that "it is probable that a smoking-related disease epidemic, similar to what has been observed in the more developed countries, will strike the developing world as well. The effect in the developing world, however, would be more disastrous because these preventable diseases would be additional to the communicable diseases and problems that have still to be brought under control."

The Medellín cartel has shown itself to have a certain macabre humor in its war with the Colombian government. It should retain some appropriate lobbyist—Deaver would surely be equal to the task—to lodge with the Office of the U.S. Trade Representative a formal protest against U.S. barriers to free trade in cocaine and file a petition against these unfair trade practices, citing the precedent of the tobacco companies. Then at last the press might take an interest in the true kingpins of the world's drug trade.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Stop Making Sense

While President Bush's request for "nonpartisan" aid to the Nicaraguan opposition sailed through Congress, a much more telling but less noticed debate occurred in the Senate last month on military assistance to El Salvador. Congress has sent billions of dollars to that war-scarred nation, but in five years there hasn't been a single discussion about it on the Senate floor. So most liberal Senators were pleased to see a measure on the agenda tying aid to human rights, even though it made only this most modest proposal: $85 million in military assistance to El Salvador would be sent in three installments, and before the last payment is made the President would have to report—and Congress would have to accept—that the Salvadoran government is engaged in serious efforts to negotiate an end to the war and to improve human rights.

As expected, the measure's sponsors, Patrick Leahy, Tom Harkin and Mark Hatfield, were opposed by right-wing Republicans, who roared about the Communist threat. But there were more sophisticated foes, led by Christopher Dodd and John Kerry, two liberal Democrats. Dodd argued for giving Salvadoran President Alfredo Cristiani a chance. Sure, Dodd conceded, El Salvador is still plagued by human rights abuses, but Leahy's measure, weak as it is, would be "a blow to [Cristiani] politically at the very moment . . . that we ought to be encouraging him to go forward" with the negotiating process. Try to follow Dodd's reasoning: Putting conditions on aid would be "assisting the very elements inside El Salvador who are opposed to a negotiated settlement"—the extreme right. "If we prove the [right-wing] opposition . . . correct that this President cannot be trusted, you undermine his efforts." So to prevent extremists in the military from sabotaging Cristiani, give them what they want, no strings attached, and don't bother trying to provide an incentive that forces the military to pay heed to negotiations and improved human rights.

Leahy's frustration with his liberal colleagues was evident. Whenever there's an effort to debate aid to El Salvador, he complained, "we are told, 'But it is not quite the right time; not this year, maybe next year.' "

"I have heard that [for] eight years," he said. "During that time $4 billion has gone down there; 70,000 people have died. Look at what the restrictions are. We are saying that if you take American money, if you use American money, you cannot use it to deny people human rights; you cannot use it to deny people their human liberties; and you cannot use it to indiscriminately kill people." Leahy found those are tough principles around which to rally support. His measure was defeated 68 to 32, and by an even wider margin the Senate voted, upon Dodd's recommendation, to send the Salvadoran military $90 million in aid.

■ OIRA Lives!

Under the innocuous-sounding banner of "paperwork reduction," the Reagan and Bush presidencies have waged war on a host of environmental, health and occupational safety regulations. At the forefront of their crusade has been the Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs, part of the Office of Management and Budget. Created by the Paperwork Reduction Act of 1980, which sought both to control the paper flow of the Federal government and to improve the government's information resources, OIRA (pronounced Oh-I-Rah) was transformed by Reaganites into a body that reviewed, and thus trashed, all sorts of regulations. With OIRA, which often acts in secrecy and in consort with business interests, the White House found an easy way to subvert Congressional intent on regulatory matters. Here are some examples of its work, courtesy of O.M.B. Watch, a public interest group:

§ In 1985, OIRA nixed a Federal study on the possible link between reproductive problems in women and VDTs.

§ In 1988, it blocked the development of regulations intended to prevent workers from exposure to bloodborne diseases (such as AIDS and Hepatitis B), three potentially carcinogenic minerals and lead.

§ Now OIRA is obstructing regulations that would require tampon boxes to carry labels warning of toxic-shock syndrome.

OIRA's funding expired on September 30, as did the Paperwork Reduction Act. But OIRA is far from gone. Bills are pending to reauthorize the 1980 act, and each one keeps OIRA alive. On Capitol Hill there is not enough political support for prohibiting OIRA's intervention in the regulatory process—a move that likely would draw a presidential veto. Liberal Representative John Conyers, who is sponsoring one of the bills, decided to call only for reforms that would make it harder for OIRA to interfere with regulations and would force its deliberations into the open. If he succeeds, he will partially defang the beast, but OIRA's staying power shows how tough it is to exorcise the demons of Reaganism.

■ This Democrat's for Hire

Those demons seem to have got to Tip O'Neill. During the dark days of Reagan, House Speaker O'Neill led the loyal (usually too loyal) opposition. But toiling against Reaganism taught Tip how to cash in. First there was that picture of him barefoot and by the shore, somehow expecting to entice his fellow citizens to sign up with American Express. Next came his televised hawking for Quality Inn motels. Now, while the debate on capital gains is raging in Washington, we have Tip smiling with Alexander Haig in a bipartisan ad praising megalomaniac Donald Trump's airline. His move recalls Geraldine Ferraro's endorsement of Pepsi, a true political faux pas, since everyone knows Coke is the Democratic cola. It is also reminiscent of the antics of Robert ("Mr. Democrat") Strauss, who privately advised Ronald Reagan on how to handle the Iran/*contra* scandal. ("Well, Mr. President, you could say you forgot.") Is it too much to expect the most prominent elder statesman of the Democratic Party to refrain from endorsing the living embodiment of the Reagan era's greed-is-good ethos? Yep.

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ARTICLES.

CAMBODIAN SYNDROME

Old War, China Card & Sihanouk

SUSAN BLAUSTEIN

After ten years of letting Khmer Rouge communists and Vietnamese-backed communists shoot it out among themselves, the United States is now rooting around for a policy on Cambodia. But judging from recent statements by Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs Richard Solomon, Washington's current views on the subject perpetuate the same reactive thinking that has guided its action—and inaction—for more than ten years. Since 1978, when Vietnam invaded Cambodia and toppled the Khmer Rouge regime, the United States has followed the lead of China, Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia and their Southeast Asian allies in condemning the Vietnamese occupation and denying recognition and reconstruction assistance to the Vietnamese-installed Phnom Penh government. Instead, the United States has recognized the loose coalition of two noncommunist resistance forces and the Khmer Rouge, which is led by the infamous Khieu Samphan.

United States policy toward Cambodia seems to have three motivations, none of which have much to do with Cambodia but all of which have been adhered to with remarkable stubbornness through four administrations: antagonism toward Vietnam; unwillingness to upset China, the main supplier of the Khmer Rouge; and insistence on Sihanouk as central to any political solution.

Since the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia, some mixture of resentment and desire to get back at Vietnam for "winning" what Vietnamese call "the American War" has fueled the persistent U.S. condemnation and economic boycott of both Cambodia and Vietnam—all in the name of securing Cambodian sovereignty. Now the Vietnamese and Cambodian governments claim that Vietnam's last 26,000 troops have left Cambodia. For almost eleven years the United States has insisted that the Vietnamese must get out if they want the embargo ended, and that their withdrawal be verified by an international force. But when Vietnamese and Cambodian officials finally agreed to allow an international monitor inside Cambodia, the United States refused to agree to such a force in the absence of "a comprehensive diplomatic settlement." Without a verified withdrawal, charges that Vietnam has left behind troops disguised as Cambodians are impossible to disprove, and the Bush Administration can continue to rationalize the decade-long U.S. embargo that strangles Vietnam.

According to the peculiar logic of U.S. Indochina policy, the Vietnamese have been more oppressive than the Khmer Rouge. While Vietnam has been condemned by the United States and its Asian allies as the invader and aggressor, since 1982 the Khmer Rouge have occupied Cambodia's seat at the United Nations as part of the coalition with Sihanouk and a second noncommunist faction, Son Sann's Khmer People's National Liberation Front. Now that the Vietnamese claim to have left, the relative threats to Cambodians posed by what Solomon calls the two "elements" of the "split Khmer-communist movement" must be freshly evaluated. Prime Minister Hun Sen and President Heng Samrin, who left the Khmer Rouge for Vietnam in the late 1970s, have governed Cambodia creditably since 1979 and are not mass murderers, whereas the tyrannical Khmer Rouge regime left over a million dead and the country in ruins. These are not subtle distinctions.

But Washington would rather not hear any good news about Vietnam or the government it put into place in Phnom Penh. The Bush Administration not only opposed credible verification of the troop withdrawal but it has blocked the U.S. Agency for International Development and even prevented the U.N. Development Program from carrying out recent fact-finding missions inside Cambodia to assess the state of the country's infrastructure. Rather than let new information interfere with their long-held beliefs about the threat to Cambodia of "Vietnamese hegemony," U.S. officials prefer to continue on their old course. Indeed, Solomon testified before a House foreign affairs subcommittee that despite Vietnam's apparent withdrawal,

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETTY YANIV

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the Administration has no plans either to recognize the Hun Sen government, end the embargo or urge that the U.N. seat now held by the Khmer Rouge be vacated.

Maintaining smooth relations with China is the second concern that has driven Washington's Cambodia policy for the last fifteen years. Although reports of Khmer Rouge atrocities reached the United States as early as mid-1975, throughout the four years of the Khmer Rouge regime—indeed, throughout the rest of the Ford, Carter and Reagan Administrations—normalizing relations and forging a strategic alliance with China always precluded demanding that China stop bankrolling its murderous Khmer Rouge allies.

The Bush Administration is following the same path, casting every enigmatic Chinese statement in its most favorable light. Solomon said U.S. diplomats were impressed with a vague promise made by Chinese Foreign Minister Qian Qichen at the recent Paris conference on Cambodia to the effect that China would recognize "a coalition arrangement—a transitional government," should one be formed. But the only coalition China has agreed to recognize includes the Khmer Rouge, to whom China's leaders have recently pledged their continued support. While the Bush Administration refuses to consider dealing with the Phnom Penh government, it looks to the sponsors of the Tiananmen Square massacre and to the genocidal Khmer Rouge for commitments to an orderly democratic process in Cambodia.

It should come as no surprise that the United States is less concerned about the lives of Cambodians than it is about protecting Sino-American relations and a huge potential market. Important American business interests in China undoubtedly have contributed as well to the muted tones of U.S. criticism. It is worth noting that among the first to rush back to Beijing to protect their investments after last June's brutal suppression of the pro-democracy movement were former Secretaries of State Alexander Haig and Henry Kissinger, and President Bush's brother Prescott Bush, who has a 30 percent stake in a joint venture deluxe country club for expatriates in Shanghai.

The third force steering U.S. policy in Cambodia is Prince Sihanouk. He was "our horse in this race," declared Solomon in his testimony about the Paris talks, "and we tried to build the peace process around him." Washington's choice has refused Hun Sen's overtures to forge a bilateral agreement and, like the Chinese, insists on including the Khmer Rouge in any transitional government. The Bush Administration now parrots Sihanouk's line that the only chance of controlling the Khmer Rouge is to dress them in city clothes, let them participate in a political process leading to "free and fair elections" and hope that they will behave themselves.

Who is this old horse on whose good sense the United States is ready to stake Cambodia's future? Despite his royal name, and gilded memories of his rule in the time before Pol Pot, Sihanouk has not demonstrated his ability to deliver anything the country needs. After ten years as the opposition leader with the strongest international support, he has yet to harness that support to design and finance a practical program for rebuilding his ravaged country. When he was overthrown in 1970, probably with U.S. acquiescence, Sihanouk displayed the quality of his judgment by allying himself and sticking with the Khmer Rouge. These unlikely allies share a virulent hatred for Vietnam that no doubt pleases their superpower backers. In the name of Khmer nationalism, U.S. officials persist in basing critical policy decisions on a leader who hates the Vietnamese as much as they do, but whose only presence inside Cambodia in the past nineteen years was as a puppet and prisoner of the Khmer Rouge from 1975 to 1979.

It is not simply that Sihanouk has shown himself to be capable of gross political misjudgment; like many pedigreed race horses, he shifts course on a whim. Last month, responding to a new Thai initiative to resume peace talks, Sihanouk said, "I categorically refuse all suggestions to see Hun Sen again." Two days later he agreed "definitely" to reopen negotiations. Three days after that, he qualified his agreement by insisting on Khmer Rouge participation in any such discussion. The Prince does not like to be pinned down. In fact, his statements suggest that he would much prefer remaining in France at a permanent international conference on Cambodia to being tied down as head of state in Phnom Penh. Then he could stay indefinitely in luxury hotels, where favorite bottles from his collection of vintage wines might inspire new demands he can make before brokering any agreement that could necessitate his return to Cambodia.

Even so, the Prince's erratic behavior has not deterred the Bush Administration from doggedly supporting him. The United States wants "to strengthen the noncommunists as much as we can," Solomon said. "We would not like to see Sihanouk dependent on the Khmer Rouge." Last summer the Administration obtained Congressional approval to send lethal reinforcements to Sihanouk, a move initially designed to strengthen his bargaining power in negotiations and subsequently used, Administration officials claim, to try to pry him loose from the Khmer Rouge. So far this move has yielded no results.

George Bush himself was last heard from on the Sihanouk question on April 11, 1975, in an eleventh-hour diplomatic maneuver to strengthen the Prince's hand and bring him back to Cambodia as head of state. As the Khmer Rouge were encircling Phnom Penh and preparing to attack, Ford's Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, sent Bush, then the U.S. liaison officer in Beijing, as his emissary to persuade Sihanouk to fly immediately to Phnom Penh and take over. It was an absurd last-ditch effort. By 5 A.M. Sihanouk had issued a tirade rejecting Kissinger's offer; by 10 A.M. Khmer Rouge forces were firing on the last departing U.S. Marines as the Americans evacuated and left Cambodians to the mercies of Pol Pot.

With the total collapse of the Paris peace talks making an imminent political settlement unlikely, and with Sihanouk's refusal to distance himself from the Khmer Rouge, the Bush Administration will now have to decide how far

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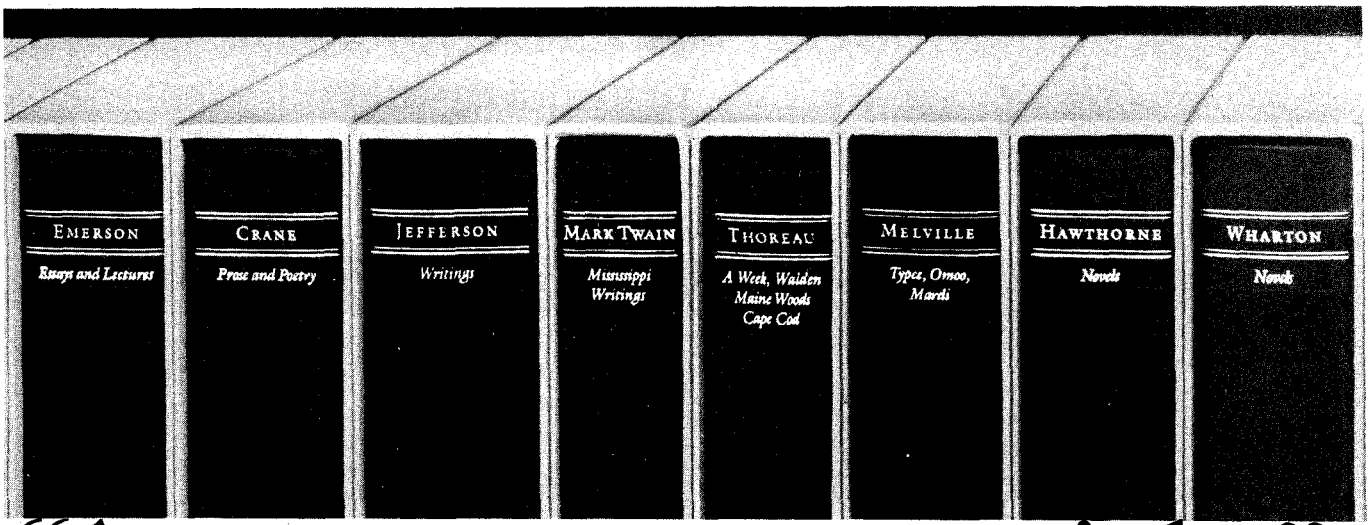

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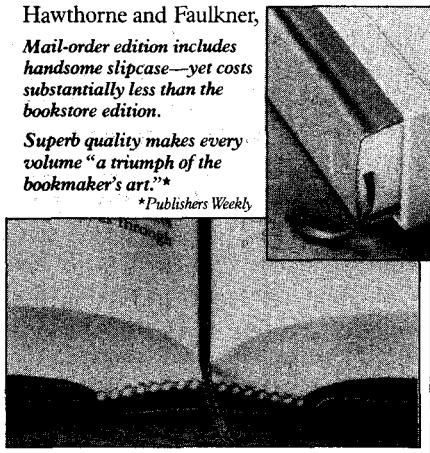

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it is willing to go to bolster the Prince and his noncommunist allies. Having publicly objected in recent months to a possible Khmer Rouge return to power, can the Administration continue to countenance lethal aid to Sihanouk if it means following him all the way back to Phnom Penh, arm-in-arm with the Khmer Rouge?

In his testimony Solomon said, "We're not going to jump into this and advocate a military solution. . . . It's not the way we go about doing business." In fact that is precisely what the Administration is doing by attempting to arm Sihanouk to strengthen the "development of a noncommunist third force," as Solomon put it, in the current "process of negotiation combined with testing of strength."

With Vietnam's troops gone, Hun Sen's army largely untested and the Khmer Rouge moving into Cambodia's northwest provinces, it is time for the Bush Administration to take a more principled role in resolving Cambodia's crisis. First, it must insist that China stop supplying the Khmer Rouge, that Thailand stop providing them sanctuary and that Sihanouk cut his ties with them. If Sihanouk continues to refuse to do so, the Bush Administration must stop putting its money on the dotty Prince simply because he is the best-known noncommunist contender.

Second, it is time for the United States to re-examine its position vis-à-vis the Hun Sen government. If the Administration means what it says about self-determination for the Cambodian people, it should look beyond the "Made in Hanoi" label still attached to the government in Phnom Penh to see exactly what it has been able to accomplish and how it rates with Cambodians. Even with an ongoing war and negligible Western assistance, Hun Sen has shown flexibility in his economic policies and made progress in restoring the country's public works and human services from the wreckage left in 1979 by the Khmer Rouge. In so doing he seems to have garnered a significant amount of public confidence [see Blaustein, "Cambodia's Future—I: Looking to the Private Sector," February 20]. He is, in fact, precisely the kind of Third World leader that the United States should be willing to deal with if it is serious about breaking with its anachronistic cold war world view.

Finally, the Administration should consider resuming reconstruction and humanitarian assistance as a means of encouraging Hun Sen into guaranteeing internationally supervised elections for a truly "sovereign" Cambodian government. Perhaps Prince Sihanouk will finally consent to join the race once he sees himself being left behind. If not, so be it. Cambodia's future does not need an egotistical, worn-out prince who will only come to town riding a Trojan horse.

Now, with Vietnam's departure, is the logical time for the Bush Administration to drop the tired and ineffective Cambodia policy of the last decade—a policy primarily based on fear of offending China and the sting of Vietnam War wounds. To hold to it out of habit and cowardice will cost many more Cambodian lives. □

JUSTICE WATCH

Can Sessions Tame the Bureau?

DIANA R. GORDON

With neither a bang nor a whimper, Attorney General Richard Thornburgh issued new guidelines in early September that apply to investigations of U.S.-based groups suspected of participating in international terrorism. Since the guidelines are secret, we cannot know what they say or whether they would guard against Federal Bureau of Investigation outrages such as its investigation of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador (CISPES). That probe—opened under the previous guidelines established by Attorney General William French Smith during the Reagan Administration—lasted four years, engaged the efforts of fifty-two F.B.I. offices and spawned 178 spinoff investigations covering 1,330 groups, including such potential "terrorists" as the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the United Auto Workers.

Ideally, Thornburgh's changes would permit investigations of individuals or organizations in only a narrow range of cases—such as when there is a reasonable suspicion of criminal activity, the standard which triggers routine criminal investigations. But the odds of such a constitutionally sensitive standard are not high. The Senate Intelligence Committee, in its 138-page report released in July, found that the CISPES investigation was run by a low-level F.B.I. official who was never challenged by his supervisors. The committee concluded that it should never have been opened, was improperly expanded and continued even with strong evidence that the information on which it was based was unreliable. Nonetheless, the committee report expressed little concern about future F.B.I. conduct. It called the CISPES investigation "an aberration among the thousands of counterintelligence and counterterrorism investigations the F.B.I. conducts annually."

William Sessions, confirmed as director of the F.B.I. by the Senate in a vote of 90 to 0 in September, 1987, is equally sanguine. Testifying before the committee last winter, he asked for greater clarity and specificity in the guidelines, not for greater control over his lieutenants' tendencies to conduct surveillance on constitutionally protected dissent. Nor did he call into doubt President Ronald Reagan's monstrous Executive Order 12333, which sets standards for the scope and tactics of F.B.I. surveillance activities and permits wide latitude in the conduct of intelligence operations,

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including searches without a warrant if the Attorney General approves.

Sessions seems either untroubled by the shadows of the past or incapable of taking steps to banish them decisively. While he disciplined half a dozen lower- and middle-level supervisors for their part in the CISPES scandal, executive assistant director Oliver "Buck" Revell was not among them. (As the senior official involved, Revell approved the circulation to thirty-three F.B.I. field offices of a report written by an officer of the right-wing Young America's Foundation falsely alleging that CISPES was providing "direct military support" to the Salvadoran guerrillas.) Although Sessions expresses remorse at Bureau behavior in the CISPES investigation, he thus far has not agreed to hand over the F.B.I. records on it to the National Archives, as the Center for Constitutional Rights has demanded in a lawsuit.

In other areas, Sessions's F.B.I. displays a similar pattern. As the 1980s wind down, the Bureau is no longer consistently stonewalling on its deficiencies, but it is not committed to real reform either. The well-meaning Director is tinkering with change and winning small victories over racism and repression. He is not, however, slaying the dragons or even tussling very hard with them.

In the summer of 1987, just before Sessions took office in November, the Justice Department and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission found that Special Agent Donald Rochon, who is black, had been harassed, threatened and refused a routine request for a transfer by his colleagues in both the Omaha and Chicago F.B.I. offices. The Director at first maintained that "the suggestion that the F.B.I. condones discriminatory actions within its ranks is unjustified." Within a year, however, he had seen the light—or perhaps the handwriting of Federal court opinions. At a February hearing before the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, he admitted that as a result of an internal review by executive assistant director John Glover (the only high-ranking black the F.B.I. has ever had, who has since left the Bureau to head security at Bristol-Myers), he had concluded that, with respect to racial matters in the Bureau, "there were a number of areas that, quite frankly, needed attention." In that testimony he promised that the Bureau's equal employment opportunity office would work "not just to solve existing problems but to anticipate new ones."

In May, Judge Lucius Bunton of the Federal District Court in El Paso, ruling on remedies for *Perez v. F.B.I.*, concluded that Sessions had indeed begun to deliver on that promise. That case was brought by Latino agents against the Bureau, charging it with systematic discrimination. While ordering personnel reforms intended to jolt the F.B.I. out of its racist rut, the judge recognized that Sessions had beefed up the equal employment opportunity staff. Sessions had directed administrators to monitor job assignments to keep supervisors from unfairly taking Latino agents off important investigations. In the past these agents had been relegated to language-related tasks such as drug-crime stakeouts, which amount to investigative grunt work. The Bureau plans to increase racial sensitivity training and develop a grievance procedure for agents who feel unfairly treated by the career boards that rule on promotions.

But some of the changes under way are only cosmetic. The thirteen-week training program for new agents, for example, will devote four hours to race relations, instead of two. Judge Bunton called the Bureau's promotion system "subjective" and "unreviewable," dominated by career boards of F.B.I. supervisors that operate without standards or records, thus perpetuating the Bureau's old-boy network. He ordered the boards to keep full written records of their deliberations so the Director and the equal employment opportunity office can review them, and he prohibited the Special Agents in Charge—the potentates of local Bureau offices—from promoting their own candidates over those chosen by the career boards.

Other efforts to combat racism within the Bureau are equally piecemeal. The Perez case didn't allege discrimination in hiring, but Sessions is aware that it exists, and he tried to address it by engaging consultants to recruit minority candidates more aggressively. So far they have spent a year surveying the black media to find out what publications potential F.B.I. applicants read, but blacks and Latinos still make up less than 4 percent of the Bureau's agents. Particularly troubling is the fact that almost half the agents now on the job will be retiring within the next decade, and there seems to be no concrete plan for using this opportunity to change the complexion of the Bureau.

Sessions took the unusual step of bringing in an outsider to head the equal employment office—a former civil rights administrator, also named Perez, from the Department of Health and Human Services. The Director has also moved

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Milt Ahlerich, currently Assistant Director of the Office of Public Affairs, often seen as callous on racial matters, out of the inner circle. These moves will carry substantive as well as symbolic weight only if Sessions follows up on them.

His authority, however, seems not to run very deep. The Bureau continues to fight the suit which Rochon brought against it, despite the Director's acknowledgment that the suit has merit. Rochon's lawyers have repeatedly tried to get the F.B.I. to settle, demanding, in addition to damages, such changes as a new, less arbitrary system for transferring personnel. But they are confronted with Justice Department attorneys who are holdovers from the days of Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d and the discredited former Civil Rights Division chief William Bradford Reynolds. These officials don't think the F.B.I.'s behavior toward Rochon was out of line. Sessions seems unable to imbue those who are supposed to do his bidding with his own seriousness of purpose. Only after they were recently admonished by a Federal judge did F.B.I. and Justice Department representatives stop referring to the attacks on Rochon as "pranks."

The Bureau hasn't even fired Rochon's principal tormentors. The E.E.O.C. found that agent Thomas Dillon led a campaign of vicious acts which included taping a picture of an ape's head over a photo of Rochon's son. Dillon was transferred from his Chicago field job but not demoted. For Agent Gary Miller, who was suspended for two weeks without pay after he confessed to seeking "retribution" for Rochon's complaints to the E.E.O.C., the punishment was sweetened by his colleagues, who chipped in to pay his salary. With punishment like this, who needs rewards?

The pattern of half-measures also shows up in the F.B.I.'s role in the growth and dissemination of computerized criminal records. Once again Sessions acknowledges some problems, but will not address others.

Riddled with data errors that are conveyed to over 60,000 law enforcement agencies, the Bureau's National Crime Information Center is being redesigned. The original set of proposals for N.C.I.C. 2000 (a name chosen to suggest its state-of-the-art technology) included adding files into which law enforcement investigators could enter the names and identifying information of suspected criminals before sufficient evidence had been gathered to justify making an arrest. Law enforcement contacts with those on whom records are kept would then be reported to the investigators, enabling police to track suspects on the basis of hunches and unverified leads, which are inevitably the raw material of investigative work. Two civil liberties groups, the American Civil Liberties Union and Computer Professionals for Social Responsibility, produced a report that highlighted this plan's potential dangers. (I was a contributor to the report, which was commissioned by the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights.) To his credit, Sessions, acting on the recommendation of an internal panel, rejected the proposals.

But the F.B.I. now has other, equally pernicious plans for broadening the reach of N.C.I.C. One involves the listing of material witnesses in the wanted persons file. Under this scheme, people could be picked up and detained anywhere in the country if they refuse to testify in a criminal trial in the state that put their name in the file. True, Sessions has not reviewed this one yet, but why not? By now he must know that N.C.I.C. 2000 is not only a technical upgrade but also a cover for the organizational urge to expand.

There are many other problem areas. The F.B.I. continues to question librarians about Soviet nationals who are using nonclassified materials. Yet the Bureau has not undertaken a vigorous investigation of the numerous politically motivated break-ins that have occurred, despite the charts and tables Sessions has provided Congress that detail the times and places of these incidents. Nor has the Bureau been convincingly dissociated from involvement in these break-ins. A document obtained during discovery proceedings for a political conspiracy prosecution of a group of radicals and revolutionaries who call themselves the Resistance Conspiracy revealed that in 1985 F.B.I. agents secretly entered and searched the apartment of one of the defendants, Laura Whitehorn. Why isn't reform-minded Sessions investigating these activities?

There are, of course, explanations that go deeper than the will or style of one individual, even deeper than the Bureau's well-known institutional intransigence. Tinkering may be all that can be done with a system that, with all its faults, is supported by a political consensus that includes liberals as well as conservatives.

In *The Liberals and J. Edgar Hoover*, a new book on the relationship between the Boss and his liberal supporters, William W. Keller argues that in the face of perceived internal security threats, the liberal state will respond with measures of control not allowed by the legislative and judicial institutions that have promised freedom of expression and association. Thus the F.B.I.'s autonomy and the immunity of its operations from close public scrutiny are sources of state control which do not implicate courts and Congress in the hypocrisy of unkept promises of freedom. Keller points out that in 1950 liberal Senators like Herbert Lehman and Hubert Humphrey and scholars like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. were drawn into supporting emergency detention legislation that would affect people whom the Attorney General suspected of being communists. They gave their support in order to "capture initiative and leadership in the politics of internal security" and forestall even more repressive actions that might be undertaken in the name of holding off the Red menace. The bill got the liberals off the hook, from both right and left, by insuring that they would not be labeled as "soft on communism." And giving the F.B.I. a major role

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in protecting internal security through the investigation of "subversives" took the issue of domestic communism out of the Congressional arena.

These dynamics are still at work and, seventeen years after the death of the Bureau's autocratic patriarch, cannot be attributed solely to his legacy. The F.B.I. is still essentially immune to public pressure and independent of the principal policy-making institutions; Congressional oversight resembles the horsefly regularly flicked away by the tail of the beast. The Bureau often operates outside constitutional standards. The "needs of the Bureau" are presumed to take precedence over equal treatment of minorities in job assignments; "national security," poorly defined, overrides the protection of free speech whenever there is tension between them. Unconstrained by enabling legislation (What happened to the cry for a charter, anyway?), the Bureau's excesses probably could not be reined in even by a more authoritative leader than Sessions. □

WHO LEAKED THE LISTS?

Northern Ireland Hit-Squad Scandal

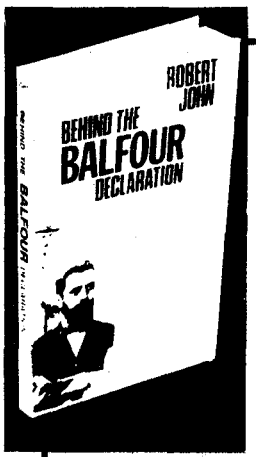
LAURA FLANDERS

For two painful decades the British government has tackled the conflict in Northern Ireland by intensifying security. In August 1969 troops were introduced in the British-controlled six counties to protect local Catholics whose campaign for civil rights had met violent resistance from conservative Protestants. Sixteen years later, under the terms of the Anglo-Irish Agreement, the Republic of Ireland agreed to greater North-South police collaboration in exchange for more protection for Catholics in the North. However, a recent scandal supports what Northern nationalists have been asserting for twenty years: Increased security in the hands of the Protestant armed forces means increased danger for Catholics.

Since the end of August the names, addresses and even photographs of more than 400 people from the Catholic community in Northern Ireland have been made public by loyalist paramilitary groups. The documents, which were leaked from high-level files in top-security barracks, list men and women with alleged connections to the nationalist Irish Republican Army. Several have already been targeted and killed by the loyalists, and now all live in fear of gunmen arriving on their doorsteps.

The British government, local police officials and politicians from all the loyalist parties have vigorously denied charges of collusion. But on October 2 the deputy editor of Belfast's *Irish News* published a report that said he had been

Laura Flanders is co-producer of Undercurrents *on WBAI in New York City.*



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approached by a group of active and retired police officials who claimed to represent the Inner Circle, which is devoted to "eradicating Republican terrorism" and discrediting the Anglo-Irish Agreement by passing classified information to loyalist assassins. Loyalist forces leaked the information in support of the contention that their victims are politically involved Catholics, but the most recent revelations seem intended to disrupt relations between London and Dublin as the 1985 accord approaches its fourth anniversary.

The scandal broke when the Ulster Defense Association (U.D.A.), a legal loyalist organization that sponsors a slew of Protestant paramilitary gangs, produced evidence to justify a killing. Twenty-eight-year-old Loughlin Maginn, who was murdered August 25, was a "legitimate" target, the U.D.A. claimed. They announced on August 26 that their victim, who was shot dead as he sat watching television with his wife in Rathfriland, County Down, was a "liaison officer for the I.R.A."

As far as the nationalist community was concerned, Maginn, a poultry farmer, was just another innocent victim of loyalist assassins, who regard Catholics in general, not just Republicans, as fair game. "Once again we have a very young man with a young wife and family being killed simply because he was a Catholic," said local Social Democratic and Labour Party M.P. Eddie McGrady, who represents the district of South Down.

The weekend after the Maginn murder, the BBC's Belfast reporter, Chris Moore, received an invitation to a rendezvous with representatives of the U.D.A. to see documentation of Loughlin Maginn's I.R.A. involvement. Moore was met by four armed men in balaclava helmets who showed him a number of photographs of I.R.A. suspects, including Maginn, in a videotape they claimed was made inside a security base. Other documents described Maginn as "heavily traced as an I.R.A. suspect."

After the Maginn affair, more batches of documents were leaked to various papers and politicians in the North. After the first three leaks, the Royal Ulster Constabulary (R.U.C.), which is the local police force, assigned John Stevens, deputy chief constable of the Cambridgeshire police, to investigate charges of collusion between the security forces and loyalist hit squads. By the end of September, Stevens's team was facing a mountain of illegally acquired material that implicated members and ex-members of the R.U.C. as well as members of the local British army group—the Ulster Defense Regiment. The most recent leaks include material that originated in the South; such material is shared with Northern police under the Anglo-Irish Agreement.

Nationalists in the North claim that collusion between security forces and loyalist gunmen has gone on for decades as a matter of policy. Police officials and loyalist politicians say there is no official collusion, but that information may pass surreptitiously between low-ranking servicemen and their U.D.A. colleagues.

In March 1988, Michael Stone, who killed three mourners at the funeral of the I.R.A. volunteers shot in Gibraltar, and who has been convicted of six other murders, claimed that he had "read the files" of his victims. As was barely reported outside Ireland at the time, Stone's assault at Milltown Cemetery came shortly after a police raid on a U.D.A. office turned up detailed lists of potential targets. Before Milltown, Stone had been a member of the U.D.A.

More recently, after the loyalist assassination in February of human rights lawyer Patrick Finucane, it emerged that Belfast policemen had talked to loyalist detainees about Finucane immediately before his death; they asserted he was an I.R.A. member and blamed him for nationalist victories in the courts. Finucane was murdered less than a month after a junior minister in Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government declared that some lawyers in the North were "unduly sympathetic" to the nationalist cause.

This autumn's revelations have increased pressure on the British government to reassess security in the North, particularly the role of the Ulster Defense Regiment. The U.D.R. is the largest regiment in the British Army, and its members are drawn almost exclusively from the Protestant community. Even before the current controversy, the U.D.R. had been the target of criticism from Dublin because of allegations that the unit harassed Catholics and had strong loyalist sympathies. Although the U.D.R. has only 6,000 active members, more than 35,000 have passed through its ranks in its twenty years of existence, and sixteen U.D.R. men are currently serving prison sentences for murder. Northern Catholics regard Dublin's opposition to the U.D.R. as one of the few possible benefits of the Anglo-Irish Agreement. But London's refusal to act on Irish complaints confirms Northern suspicions that the South's role in the agreement is more symbolic than actual.

On September 11, only a day before Thatcher visited a U.D.R. base in Omagh, three men, two of them members of the U.D.R., were charged with the murder of Maginn.

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Thatcher made no reference to the collusion charges or to the indictment of the two U.D.R. men the previous day, and she praised the regiment for its "excellent work."

A fortnight later, at the bail hearing of Andrew Neville Browne, one of the U.D.R. soldiers charged with Maginn's killing, the court heard that Browne passed information on fourteen people to loyalist extremists and "targeted" two men who were later shot dead. He was said to have become involved with the U.D.A. this past summer and told the organization that Maginn was an active I.R.A. member.

Ray Burke, the Irish Justice Minister, immediately commented that the British had been asked to reconsider "the continued existence of the U.D.R.," but the Browne hearing had hardly ended when the British government confirmed that the U.D.R. had been issued guns that fire plastic bullets, a step to which Dublin had strongly objected.

When Northern Ireland Security Minister John Cope announced the Stevens investigation, he pledged that anyone passing information to paramilitary groups "will be prosecuted with the full severity of the law." But in the middle of the collusion controversy it emerged that the only soldier ever convicted of leaking documents to loyalist terrorists had been returned to duty after only four months' suspension. Cpl. Cameron Hastie of the First Battalion, the Royal Scots, was convicted in May of passing on names, addresses, license plates and photographs of Republican suspects to a member of the Ulster Volunteer Force, another hit squad responsible for the deaths of dozens of Catholics. On September 4 Hastie returned to duty at a base in England.

Still reeling from that scandal, Anglo-Irish relations suffered another blow. In the week that Northern Ireland Secretary Peter Brooke was meeting with Irish Foreign Minister Gerry Collins for the second time to discuss issues raised by intelligence leaks, the Inner Circle hit the headlines, announcing to *The Irish News* that they would like to see the British government use more "Israeli-type tactics in the battle for the survival of Ulster."

The Circle produced 233 names, adding a new dimension to the saga; the information is completely up to date and lists so-called suspects from 1988 and 1989 in highly detailed documents. "We would never have run the story if we weren't absolutely sure of its validity," said Terry McLaughlin, deputy editor of *The Irish News*.

The group told McLaughlin, "The stockpile of material which we have been able to build up during the past four years is detailed, highly accurate and is being constantly maintained at full operational level. There is no way that the Stevens inquiry will stop the flow of information which we have access to."

British and Irish ministers emerged from their second series of talks on October 5 without an agreement, after eight hours of discussion. Despite Irish demands, no major changes would be made in the U.D.R. or in the vetting produre for R.U.C. and U.D.R. recruits, announced Brooke. Meanwhile, in Belfast, the leaks are more than a matter of debate. Maureen Doherty is the mother of Joe Doherty, who is the longest-held prisoner in the United States not charged with or convicted of any crime. He is now in his seventh year

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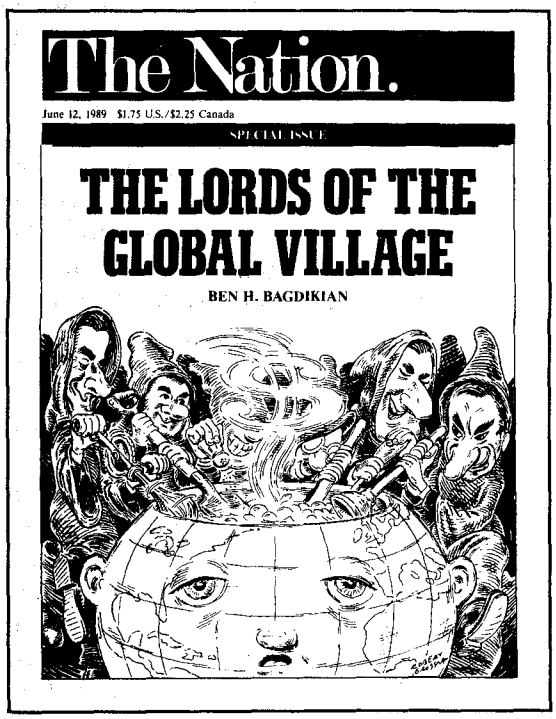

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of detention and is fighting extradition to Northern Ireland. Last month the R.U.C. arrived at Maureen's house and told her that she should put bars on her windows and extra locks on her doors. The police could not give her full protection. They said the name of someone close to her family was on one of the lists. That person does not live with her anymore, Maureen told the police. "We know that," they said, "but the loyalists don't." □

Takeover

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

the difference. There is some truth to this, but these observers have overlooked perhaps a more significant development. In 1980, after years of intensive lobbying by industrial and academic leaders, the universities gained automatic ownership of patents resulting from federally funded research in their facilities, and hence the right to sell exclusive patent licenses to the corporations. This has led to a massive indirect public subsidy of private industry [see Jaron Bourke's report, page 494]. Since that time, there has been a proliferation of university-industry research ties, and many universities have acquired a distinctly commercial orientation. Commercial considerations have come to dominate academic decision making about the allocation of university resources. Engaging in potentially profitable research has become the top priority, whatever its relevance to education and whatever its cost. Last spring students at the University of Massachusetts demonstrated against growing university-industry links and plans to privatize their university, and protesters at Rutgers charged that their university was raising tuition while cutting back classes in many departments in order to fund high-tech research that benefits the private sector.

To compete successfully with industrial as well as academic institutions, a university must recruit and equip the most commercially promising researchers—most of whom will do very little undergraduate teaching—and it must provide them with the most advanced equipment and laboratories. As the *Chronicle of Higher Education* reported, such costs can be staggering and are spiraling upward. The University of Washington assembled a $2.3 million package to lure a bio-organic chemist. Brown University paid a quarter of a million dollars for one chemist, a recent Ph.D. The University of Utah put together a half-million-dollar package, including new equipment and three assistants, for one solid-state physicist. Stanford University paid nearly a million dollars for another physicist. "I provided them with a wish list and they provided me with piles of money," the physicist recounted. In addition to such start-up costs is the cost of continued maintenance and replacement of staff and rapidly obsolescent equipment.

Leonard Minsky is executive director of the National Coalition for Universities in the Public Interest, founded by Ralph Nader. David Noble is professor of the history of science and technology at Drexel University.

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Mergermania

The recently announced $85 million corporate-sponsored research agreement between Shiseido Company and Massachusetts General Hospital, a Harvard teaching hospital, reminds us that universities and their affiliates are among the hottest commodities in the international marketplace. Over the past decade many multinational pharmaceutical and chemical companies have flocked to U.S. campuses in search of scientists and the benefits of federally funded research. The pattern of collaboration between large universities and large corporations may be a familiar one. But the implications for the use of taxpayers' funds and the danger of conflicts of interest that these agreements raise require renewed evaluation.

The deal between the Japanese cosmetics firm, which earned $3 billion in sales last year, and M.G.H. is the biggest yet, and is patterned after an agreement between M.G.H. and Hoescht A.G., a West German pharmaceutical company. Shiseido will provide funding for equipment and staff for a ten-year period, yet its sponsorship will not offset Federal funding for research at the teaching hospital. The corporation will be entitled to exclusive marketing rights over patents resulting from work done at the M.G.H. laboratory, which is largely funded by taxpayers.

The corporate rush to the universities, led by the Shiseido-M.G.H. deal, was touched off in the early 1980s by changes in patent law that ceded ownership of the products of federally sponsored research to the schools. The University–Small Business Patent Act, supplemented by a 1983 executive order that included big business, enabled universities to attract foreign and U.S. investment, since universities can now sell to companies exclusive licenses on all discoveries made under a company's sponsorship. Moreover, changes in the Federal tax code entitle sponsoring corporations to a tax credit.

This adds up to a fat public subsidy for private business. In 1988, the Federal government allocated approximately $7 billion to universities for research and development. That same year, corporations bought control of many of the fruits of that research for a puny $750 million.

Increased corporate access to publicly funded research has resulted in significant transformations at universities. At Harvard faculty members increasingly play a role in and benefit financially from the profit-earning dimensions of their scholarly pursuits. Some sixty Harvard scientists are connected with at least sixty-five biotechnology companies. In September 1988, *The Boston Globe* reported that Harvard created a venture capital fund, which the university will invest in its faculty's biomedical research projects in order to foster profitable relationships with existing corporations and create new companies. Known as Medical Science Partners, the fund will be capitalized with $30 million, raised largely through the Wall Street connections of Harvard Corporation member Robert Stone. The new fund will give Harvard a direct financial interest in the biotechnology industry.

As the profit motive increasingly entices academic researchers, the potential for corruption grows. Last October it was revealed that former Harvard medical researcher Scheffer Tseng doctored his data and methodologies, presumably to enhance the profitability of a drug he was testing. He also allegedly violated university research guidelines. Tseng held 530,000 shares in Spectra Pharmaceuticals, the firm for which he was testing the drug.

The alliance between universities and industry has been accompanied by decreased public accountability. Without Federal oversight, universities become simultaneously the promoters, beneficiaries and regulators of their relationship with the corporate community. The lack of accountability emerged in the questioning of Massachusetts Institute of Technology president Paul Gray before a Congressional subcommittee that was investigating M.I.T.'s Industrial Liaison Program. The program sells "facilitated access" to the university's research and puts faculty members at the disposal of corporations that pay up to $60,000 a year for this access. Foreign corporations are the most frequent users of the enterprise, and the university maintains an office in Tokyo to service Japanese clients. Representative Ted Weiss asked Gray, "Are you at all concerned that American taxpayers are paying for research whose results are being sold to [Japanese] industries?" Gray replied, "No, sir, I'm not."

The secrecy which shrouds corporate research on campuses was evident in the Tseng case. His connections with Spectra were not disclosed for years, and had they been, he probably would not have been able to conduct the experiments. The only supervision of privatized research is by faculty members, who may have their own ties to the corporate world. Tseng's overseer was the director of the cornea service at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, Kenneth Kenyon, who owned shares in Spectra. All Harvard's contracts with industry are secret.

Representative Weiss and other concerned members of Congress should press for public disclosure of faculty members' extramural ties and for the release of the texts of corporate-sponsored research agreements at universities.

JARON BOURKE

Jaron Bourke is director of Harvard Watch, a group founded in 1986 by Ralph Nader that monitors the university's policies and practices.

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As a result universities are finding their expenses consistently outpacing their revenues. But from where does the money for research come? Some university officials say it comes from Federal grants, alumni, private individuals, corporations, foundation grants and special university funds. Most administrators concede that the use of major gifts and endowment funds for operating budgets is sharply restricted. Stanford president Donald Kennedy has suggested the real source of the money: "Balancing the budget has become a painful process of expenditure reduction, conducted amid agony over the salaries we are able to pay our faculty and over the tuition we must charge." In other words, universities are resorting to cutbacks across the curriculum, restrictions on faculty salaries (for those outside the commercial nexus) and increases in tuition.

Curriculum cutbacks have been drastic. Some universities have eliminated entire departments. Columbia dispensed with its geography and linguistics programs, Johns Hopkins cut back on spending for arts and sciences and Washington University in St. Louis dismantled its well-regarded sociology department. Dennis O'Brien, president of the University of Rochester, referring to a recent survey by the Association of American Universities, indicated that at least 60 percent of A.A.U. institutions were "consolidating, eliminating or reducing academic departments." Officials at Columbia and Washington told *The New York Times* that "the decisions to eliminate programs were not related to declines in enrollment in particular courses but were a matter of making choices to support some programs over others in a time of scarce money." The same logic is being used throughout the country to eliminate core programs that have now been deemed marginal. Those courses that have always been considered marginal—such as black studies and women's studies—are often the first to go. (Economic exigencies have served also to eliminate programs that are popular with students but unpopular with administrations, such as Washington's sociology department.) Increasingly, university officials are openly acknowledging that they are unable to sustain both advanced research and an adequate undergraduate liberal arts curriculum. "Some suggest that undergraduate education 'gets in the way' of front-line research," observed Princeton University president Harold Shapiro. "Should we keep the research and education enterprise together?" Just as U.S. Steel abandoned the business of steelmaking for more lucrative ventures, so the captains of academia appear to be on the verge of abandoning the business of education.

In addition to curriculum cutbacks, universities have been holding the line on faculty salaries, typically the largest single academic cost. University reliance on cheaper part timers, adjuncts and graduate students to teach undergraduates is, of course, a longstanding practice, but recently it has become more common. At the same time, as University of Colorado vice chancellor Bruce Ekstrand acknowledges, increasing research costs could result in smaller faculty raises for those not engaged in commercially promising research or for those who devote themselves primarily to teaching.

Tuition inflation is another result of the new commercial priorities of academia. Income from tuition accounts for nearly half of a university's annual revenue. For some institutions the proportion is much higher. More important, tuition funds may be used for operating budgets without restriction. This allows for the money to be plowed into the "creative financing" of "front-line research" and explains why, as Ekstrand notes, research start-up costs could ultimately result in tuition increases. "The university's bill gets bigger every year," he says, "and the money has to come from somewhere." Stanford's Kennedy also concedes that, in the face of growing research costs, "tuition was one of the few items universities could use on an annual basis to help cover expenses." In short, along with the tax-paying public, the tuition-paying public is subsidizing the commercial transformation of academia.

University officials argue that corporations are giving them millions of dollars; however, the companies are getting much more than they are paying for. They're getting a massive taxpayer subsidy of their research and development. The university officials also maintain that they must pursue the path of commercial research in order to support their educational activities. In reality they are sacrificing those educational activities in order to support their commercial ventures. Finally, the universities argue that such commercially minded academic activity is essential to industrial competitiveness in a world economy. However, as demonstrated in the hearings called by the House Subcommittee on Human Resources, universities have readily been trading federally funded research to foreign, and especially Japanese, competitors, thereby undermining the competitiveness of U.S. companies. The sad truth is that the commercial transformation of the universities is a scam being foisted upon the public by the pinstriped pirates of academia. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Very Quiet. Too Quiet.

MITCH BERMAN AND SUSANNE LEE

TIANANMEN DIARY: Thirteen Days in June. *By Harrison Salisbury. Little, Brown & Company. 176 pp. $18.95. Paper $10.95.*

"At some moment"—Harrison Salisbury means that very particular moment when the massacre began in Beijing—"I half awoke. I seem to remember very heavy gunfire. Two A.M.? Three A.M.? . . . Maybe. I half awoke and said, 'Oh fuck!' and turned over."

Wait. Harrison Salisbury was in the Beijing Hotel, overlooking Tiananmen Square, on June 4 of this year, when the People's Liberation Army moved in, indiscriminately booming their machine guns down crowded Changan Avenue, and what did he do? He *half* awoke, said "Oh fuck!" and turned over. Marcel Proust's editor once complained that Proust took thirty pages to describe turning over in bed. Harrison Salisbury has done Proust one better: He has taken an entire volume.

Salisbury has enjoyed a long and distinguished career, including a Pulitzer Prize and stints as Moscow correspondent for *The New York Times* and president of the American Academy–Institute of Arts and Letters. There are a few bright moments in his twenty-sixth book—the author is a knowledgeable observer of the military, for example, and his insights into the winding course of Deng Xiaoping's life have interest—but it does not find Salisbury at the top of his game.

The trouble with this book is simple: Its author saw almost nothing. He was in Beijing for a grand total of four days, of which he spent only a few hours outside his hotel. He made two brief trips to Tiananmen Square. Little, Brown's rush to market the first book on the events in China this spring evidently allowed no time for editing the text inside, but the publisher did slap on the cover the eye-catching, if somewhat deceptive, title *Tiananmen Diary*.

Little, Brown is lucky it did not edit this book; it would have wound up with only one chapter. Even copy editing would have deprived *Tiananmen Diary* of much of its amusement value, from its stream of malapropisms ("Two Taiwan ladies," "quick-food shops") to its odd tendency to change tenses mid-paragraph to its plethora of factual errors.

According to Salisbury, for example, the students' statue of the Goddess of Freedom and Democracy was made of plastic; *plaster* was the stuff. Salisbury frequently drops the name of *The New York Times*'s Beijing bureau chief, but wherever he does it is misspelled. Twelve times in a span of four pages he calls the alleys of Beijing *hutangs*—the word is *hutongs*. (Unlike most other authors who have published so extensively on China, Salisbury does not speak Chinese.)

Even the back jacket photo, which poses the author—white-maned and august, looking as if he is writing a much better book than *Tiananmen Diary*—in front of the goddess statue, has been flopped so that the statue is facing in the wrong direction. The same photo appears in ads for the book, still stubbornly reversed. (If this seems quibbling, imagine the Statue of Liberty brandishing her torch in her *left* hand.)

Caveat emptor: When Salisbury mentions "my companion on the Long March," he neglects to clarify that he was not, in fact, on the Long March of 1934-35, when Mao Zedong, Zhou Enlai, Deng Xiaoping and 90,000 of their comrades trekked 6,000 miles across China on foot, a trip fewer than half of them survived. Actually, Salisbury means a journey that took place half a century later, when he retraced the steps of the original Long Marchers under considerably less trying circumstances. Oh, *that* Long March.

A full and unexpurgated diary this is, replete with at least a dozen descriptions of meals the author has either enjoyed ("Rice was excellent. I spiced it up with a little soy sauce, which I ordinarily dislike"), enjoyed with some reservation ("Good, but I didn't think the noodles quite as succulent as I remembered them last year"), not enjoyed ("A glorious Chinese meal. Too tired to enjoy it"), just plain eaten ("Breakfast now being served in Western dining room. Orange juice, coffee, and fried eggs") or not eaten at all ("No breakfast at the hotel today").

Salisbury continually apprises the reader that he has either called his wife, has thought of calling her, plans to call her, wants to call her or waits to call her. Within the context of *Tiananmen Diary*, it is almost unbearably exciting when Salisbury actually ventures down to the hotel lobby to buy his wife a sweater. "I bought a lovely pink cardigan for Charlotte. There were stacks of them. Ordinarily they never have more than one or two and never in the style or color you want. The young man knew no English, but we made out somehow."

Despite the inclusion of all these adventures—in large print surrounded by vast expanses of white space—*Tiananmen Diary* remains a trim volume recommended for the reader on a limited-verbiage diet. It goes down easily and, as they say, an hour later you don't remember reading a thing. The book is virtually monosyllabic—not just in words but sometimes even sentences. Here are two full diary entries arranged to consume a quarter of a page:

> Beijing Hotel, 8:53 P.M. Spatter of fire.
> Beijing Hotel, 8:54 P.M. More.

Salisbury's main stylistic influence appears to have been John 11:35, the shortest verse in the Bible: "Jesus wept." The nutshell is his preferred format, whether discussing complicated situations ("Future beclouded"; "It is a nutty situation"; "This is heavy stuff"; "How sad"; "Poor China"), tense circumstances ("Very quiet. Too quiet") or the complex personalities of China's foremost leaders, such as Deng Xiaoping ("the elusive little man") and Hu Yaobang ("a marvelous, bouncy little man"). By this point the perspicacious reader may begin to realize that Chinese are smaller than Americans.

These terse pronouncements alternate with sudden spasms of imagery that grip the author like fits of petit mal: "It will be good fun to . . . get away from this apocalyptic feeling that comes out of the square like an invisible cloud in an Orson Welles movie." Leaving aside which

Mitch Berman writes for the Los Angeles Times Book Review. *He is the author of the novel* Time Capsule *(Putnam's). Susanne Lee is a contributor to* Asiaweek, *a host of "On Books" for WNYE-FM and a contributing editor of* DV-8 *magazine. Their dispatches from Beijing appeared this spring in* The Village Voice.

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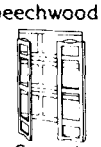
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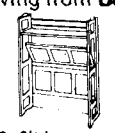
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of Welles's films Salisbury might mean, it is "good fun" indeed to imagine how any director might project an "invisible" cloud onto a movie screen.

The narrative end of *Tiananmen Diary* is sheer space consumption ("filler" is not the right word, because that implies the nearness of text which is *not* filler). One of Salisbury's favorite stratagems is the invocation of his own celebrity. He writes that during his single extended visit to Tiananmen Square, for example, "I must have signed my name half a dozen times or more"—and the author happily writes that name yet again, for the benefit of amnesiacs—"'Harrison E. Salisbury, Tiananmen, June 3, 1989.'" Salisbury also includes numerous descriptions of himself posing for photographs. He dubs himself "one of the few" Americans in China "of any national reputation," which reputation promptly gives rise to a grandiose fantasy that he might be kidnapped and held hostage for Fang Lizhi, China's foremost dissident, who created an international stir when he sought refuge in the U.S. Embassy. And all the people in this book laugh at the author's jokes.

When this first tactic runs out of gas, Salisbury turns his attentions to other celebrities he has known, yielding up thumbnail sketches of journalists (and secondhand recitations of their observations) or Chinese leaders (none of whom he meets during the thirteen days covered by *Tiananmen Diary*). This is usually good for a paragraph or two, and when it starts to sputter, Salisbury dips into his backlist for reminiscences of the Soviet Union under Stalin, World War II, the Vietnam War, the Soviet Union *after* Stalin, each of which he seems to think is somehow connected with the matter at hand. By this point we generally find the author ready to launch into another meal, another call to his wife or another example of just how famous he really is.

The book goes into one final literary convulsion before it gives up: "It will be years before the bright dreams . . . will send China soaring away from the silt of the Yellow River into the clean blue waters of the sea and the endless precincts of space." One leaves *Tiananmen Diary* with the image of an entire country sliding into the ocean, then levitating, still propelled by "bright dreams," from the surface of the earth entirely—and, undoubtedly, gasping for air. As Harrison Salisbury might say, Poor China. □

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In Praise of Wang Meng—I

HORTENSE CALISHER

I met Wang Meng, China's now-deposed Minister of Culture, in November 1986, the year he was appointed. As a writer, he had the kind of history by then familiar to us. Banished from Beijing after the 1957 publication of an "antibureaucratic" short story that shocked those powers, he had spent some twenty silent years at hard labor in China's far west. "Rehabilitated" in 1979, he had resumed writing, had been widely published at home, had visited the West and had had a book appear in the United States.

My husband, Curtis Harnack, and I were guests of his government, via the Center for U.S.-China Arts Exchange at Columbia University. When they had informed us that it was "not yet known" whether a meeting with the new Minister would be on our agenda, I had not been especially interested. In certain parts of Europe and Asia one meets many writers who are government representatives. The trick is always to meet the ones who are really on their own—or are reportedly "unavailable"—and may have to be hunted out.

During our first week in Beijing that had seemed to be the case. We were feted at banquets, driven far and wide to monuments and brought to meet with older professors and scholars, charming and anxious-faced, who either had translated us and other Americans, or wanted to. Writers so far allowed us had included one old enough to have been at Oxford in the 1920s with our mutual friend Harold Acton, a science-fiction writer (a genre very popular in China), and several "new" ones said to be protégés of Betty Bao Lord, the writer wife of the U.S. Ambassador. Those I had wanted to meet, including the journalist Liu Binyan, Bei Dao (pseudonym of Zhao Zhenkai, who was editor of the underground *Today* and later of the official *New Observer*, and whose poetry I much admired) and other members of the so-called obscure school of writers appearing after Mao, were all "out of town."

What unclassified news we can get comes from our touring. Even in a Mercedes howling with the chauffeur's choice of music on the stereo, one can learn that the driver's salary exceeds the university-educated interpreter's, and that the newly permitted farm-produce vendors along the way are waxing rich at the expense of the fixed-salary bureaucrats—and pay no attention, down on the farm, to the one-child rule. Roadside, the ancient rice culture spews its grains indiscriminately under the wheels of the Merc and gaggles of toppling carts scarcely a step up from the rickshaw. In the fields the yoked women bear the night-soil buckets, an odor a chemically attuned nose may even come to appreciate. Escorted through those antiquities the Cultural Revolution has not managed to destroy, we are all but trampled by Chinese of every order and province, eager to view again their heritage. The crowd is of course the heart and symbol of China.

Meanwhile, I've found out more about Wang the best way—through his work. In *The Butterfly and Other Stories* (Panda Books, 1983) he is soberer than the journalists, not as bitter as the "wounded" writers who emerged after the Red Guard era, and altogether less mechanical than the other obtainable prose writers. He is still in the socialist world, and the bureaucratic one is very much his subject, but he is markedly subjective in both focus and language—a tone in some quarters still unacceptable, and often confused with the florid or the exaggerate. In the remarkable preface "What Am I Searching For" he takes his stance:

> Like a corpse raised from the dead, . . . I was rehabilitated . . . again recognized as a member of the Communist Party, shouldering that heavy responsibility, following that tortuous path. Revolution and literature were reunited, and my spirit and character were reunited as well. . . . A formidable task lay before me: to find myself. To find, in the boundless ocean of life . . . of literature and art, my own

Hortense Calisher's novella The Man Who Spat Silver, *which emerged from her trip to China, is the current special Fall issue of* Confrontation. *Her novel* Age *has recently been issued in paperback by Grove Weidenfeld.*

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place, my fulcrum, my own themes, materials, form and style.

I'm reminded of the frontal stance—without the violence—of the early Malraux, later also a Culture Minister. Or the pro-Russian period of Gide, without the sex. Am I watching the return of the forbidden ego to Sino-Marxism? Or simply a man made unafraid by what he has gone through? A man of more talent than most, doing what he now may—or must?

I am certainly reading more than a Minister.

I send a message. We three meet. The building, center city, is an old one. Wang comes down the corridor to meet us. He wears blue Mao garb. His face, longish rather than round, spectacled, reminds me at once that a face can be intelligent of itself, before speech. He greets us in English and at first speaks it, though shortly we are joined by an interpreter. Wang has an air I recognize—the mien of a person who knows who he is, and not merely by virtue of the authorities. The office he ushers us into is like many: old painted-and-coffered ceiling and wall scrolls, modern carpet and overstuffed chairs. Low table, with the covered cups of tea. I feel my American responsibility—for the chairs.

We chat of his recent visit to New York City, to the International PEN Congress, also to Iowa City, traditional host to foreign writers—"So peaceful," he says—and to Martha's Vineyard, where he had met with John Hersey, of whose Chinese background he was aware, and with Lillian Hellman. Her breeziness interested him. "She called me her 'Chinese boyfriend,'" he says to my husband. "Even though she was blind at the time?" I joke, and the ice breaks.

I tell him I had not heard his address to the congress but had read it. In contrast with the conventional "freedom" rhetoric at such congresses, his brief, elegantly phrased avowal at first sounds naïve, then of a strikingly fresh fervor. "Short and sweet," I say. It's hard to clock a Chinese smile. Up to me, to get down to brass.

"Yes, it's peaceful, at home." But while our writers don't suffer harm for what they write, they're maybe in consequence not taken as seriously. "Not that we want to suffer. But we can get hungry for the true audience. For literature to be looked on as important to life—by more than a few. As poets are, for instance, in the U.S.S.R. And no doubt here?"

So we come to the "obscure" poets. Who seem to us in the U.S. merely modern, in the international style. "Are they really—obscure?"

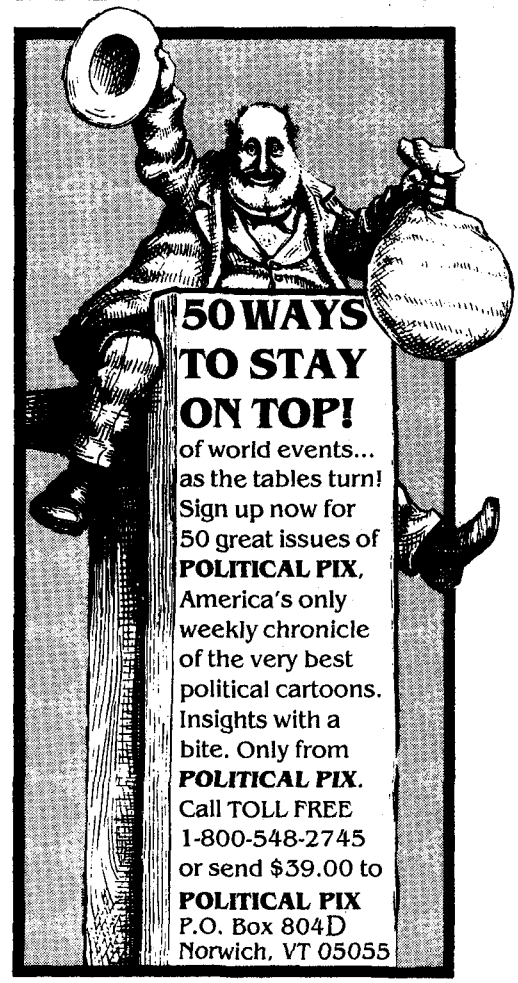
Wang replies—through the interpreter now—that even poets of the T'ang era still have their meanings argued. He expands, saying that some find Chinese too vague and imprecise for scientific matters or for the law, but that it's highly adept and suited to profundities. How he brightens, when talking of language itself.

We say—back and forth it goes now—that we regret not knowing his language most when we overhear Chinese in open converse—such hearty laughter, and such a different style from the Japanese. Whom I mention by intent. "You know, Minister, everybody we talk to here presses for your literature to be published more, in the U.S. The Japanese do well at that—have for years. But they have signed the international publishing covenant." Which the Chinese have not, instead pirating as they choose. "It's a real barrier. Our writers—and publisher—get nothing, otherwise. Where your writers get a stipend from the nation." (This via the Chinese Writers Association, attached to one of whose cadres a writer may then function, perhaps in some allied guise, like the poet who will serve as our interpreter in Shanghai, whose dialect isn't spoken by the scholar who is our man in Beijing.)

So here is the capitalist-socialist crux—in writer's terms. And we have finished the tea. And may brood on a country so vastly complex that one major city cannot easily converse with another. Meanwhile, will such as Wang and we ever get free of our respective cadres—ours so ill defined, his so clear?

As to royalty covenants, no one will ever answer us directly on what goes so against Chinese practice—and Wang Meng does not. But when we voice, as we will everywhere, both our "amazement"—for which read "doubt"—at the speed of the country's reversal of matters of laissez-faire "so soon after the Gang of Four" and our questioning of whether China will really be able to take advantage of the good the West has to offer but evade the bad, we get vigorously optimistic, if careful, replies. If this is a median man, which may be why he is here, he is also a patriot who champions his country—in spite of the trials it has caused him—like a mountaineer defending his Everest.

I have the absurd conviction that he is



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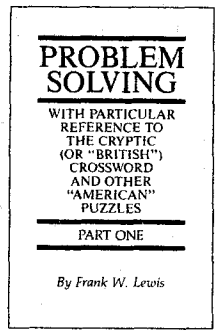
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as "Chinese" as any I have met, and in his particular way. The reason for that flashes over me: He is what any writer is when bound to a native country by ties of love and service, profoundly aware of its concept of itself as the very center of the world—and yet burdened with a wider world-view.

Suddenly he speaks. "All writers should have the same concerns."

"Do you have time to write now?" I ask. He stiffens.

"Of course." He sets aside two days a week. Or was it one? We don't have the heart to ask him to repeat.

On our way out we agree that we have met both the Minister and the writer. "They're lucky to have him," one of us mutters. The other answers, "Hope they know."

Writing this, I wish not to romanticize a person met only once. So I go back to that preface, where we may all converse without protocol. He writes, "We liberated ourselves for a second time, because it is a law of history that people must liberate themselves, and if they do not succeed at first, then they must try again. . . . My hatred too has its limits. The control of this hatred is an essential condition for sustaining and developing stability." □

In Praise of Wang Meng—II

WILLIS BARNSTONE

At the time of my first trip to China, in 1972, in the midst of the Cultural Revolution, most of the "stinking intellectuals" were locked up in prison or in work camps, having their minds reformed. Among them was Wang Meng, who had achieved fame as a fiction writer in the 1950s. During the 1957 antirightist movement he had become a major target because of his portrayal of an enthusiastic whistle blower in his short story *The Young Newcomer in the Organization Department.* "Criticized" and imprisoned, he was sent off for nearly two decades of forced labor in Xinjiang, Turkestan. To use his own words, he was "8,000 *li* and thirty stormy years from Beijing."

In Xinjiang, Wang Meng learned the Turkic Uighur language and, although officially forbidden to write, he somehow readied himself for the important short stories and novels he was to publish very soon after his rehabilitation in 1979, a year after the Cultural Revolution ended. I first met him soon afterward, while he was spending four months as a guest in the University of Iowa's International Writers Program.

When Wang Meng returned to China, he became acting director of the Writers Union. An extraordinarily courageous director, he brought dissident and underground writers into the union, thereby winning them publication and a salary; through his efforts, censorship was relaxed. Artists tested the limits of official ideology and began to win some latitude.

I was able to renew my acquaintance with Wang Meng when I spent the 1984-85 academic year teaching in China at Beijing's Foreign Studies University. Our first real conversation took place at a banquet in Beijing for American writers in 1984. In the midst of this "cultural banquet" for Toni Morrison, Allen Ginsburg, Gary Snyder, William Least Heat Moon and Harrison Salisbury, Wang got up suddenly and, in good English, addressed the American writers about their books. He charmed them by saying, "Thank you for being Santa Claus tonight and coming to China so early in autumn, long before the candles of Christmas, to bring yourselves and your work." After he sat down I turned to him and said earnestly, "I like you," and he said, "I like you." And we went on talking furiously.

In his apartment, part of a clean concrete block whose cabbage-piled stairwells gave the air a pungent flavor, Wang gave me candy, books, tea and conversation. He soon became Minister of Culture, a post he had resisted at first because of his desire to write. But once on the job, he set about creating an atmosphere of freedom then unknown in postliberation China. His speeches on the rights and duties of artists to express themselves candidly and freely were reported in *Time* and *The New York Times.* He was both criticized and praised—for being part of the govern-

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ment at all, for not doing more, for doing too much. He had suffered as much as any intellectual in China, but he believed that reform must come from the inside. So Wang took official posts.

In January 1986 the PEN American Center in New York City hosted an international symposium, one of the main themes of which was writers in prison. After a member of the Chinese delegation had delivered a delightful, Borgesean parable, perhaps even parabolic enough to satisfy all views, a well-known American expert on China asked him, "Who wrote your speech? If you had a hand in it, what party member approved its content?" The writer, when the translator repeated the question, claimed it was his alone. The American replied, "Sitting among us is Wang Meng, his boss, the head of the Writers Union, a party member and a Communist stooge."

Upon hearing his name, Wang immediately rose and, with his characteristic Fernandel smile, turned and bowed to thank the speaker, who was obviously addressing him. I was outraged and took the microphone, informing the audience, few of whom knew Wang Meng, that he was a writer who had been in prison and work camps for twenty years before leading the Writers Union. Who there had paid his or her dues like Wang Meng? Who had done more to free the arts of China from slogans, propaganda and censorship?

A few months after that incident, Wang wrote me from Beijing. It was a brief letter in which he spoke of the new books he had written, as if to convey that he still had time to be a writer. His letter ended with the sentence, "You are an iron friend of China."

The events of the past few months have formed the sad postscript, of course. Beijing had begun to permit exhibits of avant-garde paintings and screenings of highly imaginative and dissident works by young film directors. But the government targeted Wang as an encourager of "bourgeois liberalism" and the freedom and democracy movement. In the aftermath of the massacre in Tiananmen Square, Wang Meng was dismissed as Minister of Culture, on September 4. He has been missing from public view since the demonstration was crushed; he is reputed to be ill, and has told friends that he wishes to return to writing full time. The kind words of his letter had moved me, but clearly the iron friend of China in its bad, better and now terrible times has been Wang Meng. □

Sexual Devolution

MICHAEL S. KIMMEL

BURNING DESIRES: Sex in America. *By Steve Chapple and David Talbot. Doubleday. 368 pp. $18.95.*

SEX AND MORALITY IN THE U.S. *By Albert Klassen, Colin Williams and Eugene Levitt. Wesleyan University Press. 462 pp. $35.*

Today we're going to begin with a quiz. The sexual revolution: (a) is still in full swing; (b) never happened; (c) is finally over; (d) none of the above. We'll discuss the answers later, but first let's turn to today's reading. Steve Chapple and David Talbot in *Burning Desires: Sex in America* and Albert Klassen, Colin Williams and Eugene Levitt in *Sex and Morality in the U.S.* approach the question very differently. Both books are concerned with what Americans are doing in bed and what they think about what they do, but their reports are extremely contradictory.

Billed as a "report from the country's erogenous zones," *Burning Desires* promises an "unblushing defense of sex," a "celebration of smart and dirty sex in dangerous times." Convinced that the sexual revolution is still in full swing, Chapple and Talbot conduct a breathless tour of the playgrounds of sexual liberation with occasional swipes at those who seek to end the party. *Burning Desires* could be titled *Sexual Pleasure and Its Discontents.*

The book's thesis is that at least some Americans are still saying yes. Sadly, though, Chapple and Talbot's conversations with today's swingers, feminist pornographers, Shere Hite, lusty pregnant women and giggly teenage groupies are laconic and boring, and their excursions to Key West, Aspen and Chico find the residents of these former outposts of casual sexual freedom now "picaresque and harmless," more wistfully nostalgic than passionately aroused.

The forces of repression are, distressingly, the more engaging. Here, Chapple and Talbot are slyly accurate as they describe the erotic thrill that underlies the drive to repress sexual exploration. Group therapy sessions treating that curious new disease called "sex addiction," Tipper Gore and her censorious Parents' Music Resource Center, and Women Against Sex, a feminist group that promotes radical celibacy, all revel in lurid stories of sexual abandon. "We're living under the tyranny of the explicit," Gore says, as we wait for the examples we know will follow. Such "intimate public confessions," Chapple and Talbot write, are also "one of the only forms of safe group sex" tolerable in this repressive age.

Some of the new enemies of sexual freedom are feminists such as the exhausted Germaine Greer, who has now retreated to the traditional family and natalist values she once reviled, as well as antipornography feminists, who, Chapple and Talbot argue, condemn all sexual freedom as freedom for men at the expense of women. While these feminists see women as the victims of men's sexual freedom, some "masculinists" see it the other way around. Poet Robert Bly, for example, runs workshops for men that promise an exploration of "the sexual, primitive man that lies at the bottom of the modern male psyche," but these workshops actually promote a "flight from the sex wars," a chaste male bonding instead of chasing after women who will reject these "new" men.

Chapple and Talbot are talented journalists with a keen eye for detail. But like the casual sex they celebrate, their panting prose soon becomes tiresome. Donna Rice has a "vacant smile and . . . wondrous thighs," and a San Francisco sex-ed teacher "works her classroom like Phil Donahue on ecstasy." In "swampy, decadent" New Orleans they see a "mulatto girl packed tightly into a pair of red pedal pushers like a hot andouille sausage." This relentless exaggeration reminds me of nothing so much as men talking about their sexual prowess, especially since the authors strut this stuff only in their descriptions of women. Chapple and Talbot keep it up for 368 pages.

Although they resist the temptation to "go native" in their encounters with sexual adventurers, they recount the invitations they receive along the way. Several times the authors, who have the distractingly unpleasant habit of identifying themselves to the reader by their hometown, are invited to sample some sexual

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goodies: once from a feminist pornographer, once at a safe-sex orgy in San Francisco's trendy SoMa district. Our peripatetic reporters may have unintentionally stumbled onto the great erotic thrill of the Bush years: the knowledge that "I could have if I had wanted to."

But Chapple and Talbot's problems are more than stylistic; they're political. Their notion of sexual freedom is entirely consumerist: Freedom means more sex and more varied sex (although as "liberated" men they don't use the term "bigger"). They celebrate promiscuity and kinkiness without ever exploring the ways in which "producer" values—pride of craft, quality control and workplace autonomy—can transform our sexual experience.

I think this is because their reportage never moves beyond the sexism and homophobia that underlie what they believe is simply resolute heterosexual masculinity. So they write off the Beastie Boys' misogyny as cute adolescent posturing and sympathize with "womanizing" Washington politicos rather than the women the officials abuse and abandon. And although they try to be sympathetic, their disgust and confusion about homosexuality lead to some offensive bashing. Sexism and homophobia leave Chapple and Talbot ill equipped to understand the dramatic changes in American sexuality in the 1970s and 1980s, changes that have their origins, in large part, among women and among gays and lesbians.

But at least Chapple and Talbot write about sex in the present tense. Such is not the case with the mistitled *Sex and Morality in the U.S.*, which was originally commissioned by the Kinsey Institute in 1968 and completed in 1970. The press has labeled it the "Long, Lost Survey on Sex," and for my money it should have stayed that way. It was, at the time, the most comprehensive study of American sexual attitudes ever—more than 3,000 adults were surveyed—and it would have served as a useful parallel to Kinsey's own studies of sexual behaviors. (Kinsey himself was doggedly determined to catalogue behavior without ever inquiring about attitudes or values, believing, good zoologist that he was, that cognitive beliefs tell us less about sexuality than do the empirical realities of what people actually do.) Had this book been published in 1970, it might have been a useful addition to our understanding of the relationship between behavior and attitude. Published in 1989, it's an anachronistic curiosity, a minor footnote. But given the political position it takes, it's also a major headache.

The nearly twenty-year gap between the survey and its publication stems from ego and money. Klassen and Levitt were the original researchers, but cost overruns on the administration of the interviews left the authors in a bind when neither the Kinsey Institute nor the National Opinion Research Center (which conducted the survey) would pick up the tab. The Kinsey Institute eventually engaged Williams to work with the other two, and their squabbling over who would be listed as first author held the book up for another decade. A fourth writer was brought in to edit the manuscript and calm the feuding authors.

What exactly does the research show? The majority of those surveyed disapproved of homosexuality, prostitution, extramarital sex and most forms of premarital sex, and almost half (48 percent) said that masturbation is either "almost always" or "always" wrong. Most interesting were the data on attitudes about homosexuality. Nearly three-fourths objected to gays dancing together in public places, and almost half thought homosexuality was "dangerous," disliked the idea of gay bars and believed that gay people should be barred from forming social groups. Half felt that homosexuality should be illegal.

The social distribution of sexual morality is also predictable. Although the researchers found that, in general, "traditional values and cultural continuity controlled contemporary American sexual norms in 1970," they also found that women, whites, older people, the strongly religious and Midwesterners were all more conservative in their attitudes than men, blacks, young people, the less religious and the people living on the East or West Coast. While these general categories structure sexual attitudes, by far the most consistent predictor of sexual morality is gender.

All this is written with the dull, plodding authoritative drone of academic social science research. The resolution of the book's authorship—one writer, several names—doesn't help its style at all; the book still reads as if it were written by committee. Passive constructions abound, reporting descriptions of sexual ecstasy as if they were stock quotes. Whereas *Burning Desires* has the breezy quality of a casual sexual encounter, *Sex and Morality* is more like a human physiology textbook—it gets the diagrams right but something is definitely missing. Klassen and his noncollaborators are the "specialists without spirit" that Max Weber warned against at the turn of the century; Chapple and Talbot are, by contrast, the "sensualists without heart."

Sex and Morality would be an interesting historical footnote if the authors had realized that the major reasons they found such adamant conservatism in sexual mores had to do with when they conducted the survey and what they were looking for. Quite simply, they asked the wrong questions at the wrong time. In 1970, they were too early to pick up the attitudinal changes that became pronounced during the following two decades, especially since the questionnaire was first developed in 1968, before Stonewall, before *Roe v. Wade*, before the full flowering of the women's movement, before *The Joy of Sex* and *The Hite Report*, before Masters and Johnson "discovered" the clitoral orgasm—in short, before most of the events that demarcate the sexual revolution. Only the most literal interpreters believe that the revolution of the 1960s was confined to that decade, since the social changes wrought by feminism, gay liberation, environmentalism and other movements were not really evident until the early 1970s.

But Klassen and company don't rest with an anachronism. Their conclusion is even more disingenuous, because they deny that a sexual revolution "occurred in 1970 or is occurring now in the United States." Conservative values are still dominant, they write, because they are "workable, hallowed by time, and socially respectable." Recall that their research ended in 1970, and that they have no evidence beyond that date. This is an attempt to explain why such flawed work should be published; it may also be a sneaky effort to soften the conservative hearts of foundation administrators.

Both sets of authors are ultimately wrong about the sexual revolution. Klassen et al. don't think anything's happening, and Chapple and Talbot can't find what it is. (The answer to the quiz at the beginning of this review is "d.") The sexual revolution was ultimately about the democratization of sexual pleasure and involved the unhinging of sexual morality from its earlier institutional supports—the church, the family and the schools. Democratization of sexual morality meant increasing individualization; sexual behavior was justified by an ethic of individual expression and accounta-

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bility. Democratization also involved the extension of sexual behaviors earlier practiced only among the educated upper middle class to the entire society. Take just one example: Cunnilingus was for years an esoteric behavior that only showed up on the sexual agenda for the highly educated upper middle class. Kinsey discovered in 1948 very few working-class men who didn't find it, as he wrote, "dirty, filthy, and a source of disease." There is today a far wider range of acceptable behaviors for everyone.

We also have to thank women, gays and lesbians, and young people, who demolished traditional myths, for the democratization of American sexuality. It was among these sexually disenfranchised groups that the revolution was most liberating. And it is these three groups who are least visible in these two books. Klassen et al. ask straight women about their attitudes, but exclude young people and gays; Chapple and Talbot snicker their way around the question of women's sexual freedom, support kids' sexual rights without ever talking seriously to them, and ignore gays entirely. These three groups demanded their share of the pleasure pie in a way that shook the patriarchy to its phallocentric core. And with the efforts to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, the imposition of "squeal rules" on teen sex, and the vicious homophobic delight at AIDS, mainstream male society is still trying to preserve what remains of its power. □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Roger and Me
Thelonious Monk: Straight No Chaser
A Dry White Season

You might recall Michael Moore as the fellow from Flint, Michigan, who lasted about four months as editor of *Mother Jones*. After getting canned, he returned with empty pockets to his hometown and sued the magazine for wrongful discharge. This brought him an out-of-court settlement of $58,000—a turn of events so inspirational that he decided, without the encumbrance of experience, to put his money into making a film. The result, titled *Roger and Me*, is so good that I wish *Mother Jones* had fired Moore twice, so he could have made two movies.

Though its subject—the destruction of a once-prosperous town by factory closings—could hardly be more wrenching, *Roger and Me* is one of the funniest, most invigorating movies you're likely to see this year. "I figured, who wants to sit in a dark theater and watch people collect free Federal surplus cheese?" Moore says. "How's that going to be entertaining? How's that going to change anything?" He decided his documentary would have to be accessible and funny—*The Atomic Café* is the model he cites—and to some degree, Moore has followed that example. *Roger and Me* is crammed with found footage: home movies, promotional films, TV shows and stock clips, most of them used with deadpan humor. (This might be the place to mention the editors, Wendey Stanzler and Jennifer Beman; amazingly, they too are novice filmmakers.)

But the mocking use of found footage is already a bit too familiar a technique; though well employed here, it would not have been effective in itself. The real delight of *Roger and Me* comes from Michael Moore's personality—his dry, common-sense wit as a narrator, his shambling on-camera presence, his interest in the people he encounters as he knocks around Flint. In his amused sympathy with all sorts of human oddity he reminds me of such gonzo documentarians as Les Blank and Tony Buba. Moore also brings to mind Harvey Pekar, the *auteur* of *American Splendor* comics, another autobiographer of the dead industrial heartland.

As the *Me* of the title, Moore represents not only himself but a long line of industrial laborers. His father used to work on the line at AC Sparkplugs; his uncle was among the sit-down strikers who founded the United Automobile Workers. On behalf of them and everybody else he knew in Flint, Moore thought he should invite *Roger* to visit his hometown—that being Roger Smith, chair of General Motors. Under Smith's leadership, G.M. has been closing its U.S. factories and relocating the assembly lines to more favorable climates, such as Mexico. Moore therefore thought it would be a good thing for the G.M. chair to pass through town, so he could see for himself how the loss of 30,000 jobs might cause some inconvenience. Strangely enough, Smith declined the invitation. In fact, he wouldn't even talk with Moore.

A large part of *Roger and Me* thus consists of a hilarious series of failed efforts to meet Roger Smith. Moore—a

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portly young man with long, dirty-blond hair and radar-scanner eyes—keeps turning up with his camera crew at G.M. headquarters in Detroit, at the Grosse Pointe Yacht Club, at the Detroit Athletic Club, at the annual G.M. stockholders' meeting. Usually, he is dressed in an old blue windbreaker and a baseball cap bearing the message "I'm out for Trout." He sometimes augments this costume with the accessory of a toothpick stuck between his lips. People keep asking him if he has an appointment. When one of Roger Smith's guardians requests his credentials, Moore hands over a discount card from a pizza establishment. "I didn't have a business card," he explains on the sound track.

Since these near-encounters with Roger happened at long intervals, Moore had a lot of time on his hands. He filled it by taking his crew around Flint to see how the neighbors were coping with the economic equivalent of occupying ground zero under the Enola Gay. In their own grim way, these meetings are as funny as the hunt for Roger Smith. G.M. had put some money into a job-retraining program, so its former employees could learn to work at Taco Bell. All of them dropped out, though: A Taco Bell manager explains that they couldn't take the challenge of the fast-food environment. Other former auto workers and their families started selling Amway products door to door, though this, too, proved full of unexpected risks. One of Moore's informants, trained as a color consultant for makeup and clothing, suffered a shocking loss of faith when she discovered that the instructors had classified her incorrectly—they had called her an autumn, but she was really a spring.

Some of the others captured by Moore get a little closer to the bone. At the Flint Plasma Company, Moore talks with a man who makes a living selling blood. "They're open Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday," the man says, going over it carefully in his mind. "They're closed Saturday and Sunday." It's side-splitting, unless you think about why the man can no longer remember how to say "weekdays."

And then there is the remarkable young woman Moore encounters when he sees a sign by the road: "Rabbits and Bunnies—Pets or Meat." He knocks on the door and asks about the rabbits. "Pets or meat?" asks the woman. It turns out that she makes $10 or $15 a week at this business, her only supplement to Social Security, and no doubt eats a hell of a lot of fried bunny. Of the working-class people in Moore's film, she is one of the survivors, a rare example of someone who actually gets by as an entrepreneur, the route to self-sufficiency touted by the ruling-class people and their shills.

The latter provide *Roger and Me* with its most outrageously funny moments, turning some sections of the film into a fantasia of misguided optimism and all-American puffery. Keep in mind that the rats in Flint had started to outnumber the humans; entire blocks were boarded up or burned down; the city had one of the highest homicide rates in the nation; and one of the few growth industries was in evictions. (Moore got close to sheriff's deputy Fred Ross and filmed him practicing this trade.) The civic leaders' response was to try turning Flint into a tourist center—you can't make this stuff up—spending millions to put up a luxury hotel and a quaint marketplace (designed by the people who built New York City's South Street Seaport) and topping it off with an indoor theme park called AutoWorld, celebrating the industry that had left town. G.M. built a $1 million exhibit for AutoWorld in which a puppet auto worker sang a love song to the robot that was replacing him on the assembly line. The song was titled "Me and My Buddy." AutoWorld, the marketplace and the hotel are all closed now. I assume the rats are doing fine.

Roger and Me, having been an unexpected success at the Telluride and Toronto Film Festivals, has now won Manhattan as well. It became a smash hit within an unusually strong New York Film Festival; various studios are competing for Moore's attention, asking to distribute the film. Sooner rather than later, it should appear at a theater near you. Put on your windbreaker and your baseball cap and get ready for a night on the town.

Meanwhile, don't wait to see another documentary that played in the New York Film Festival, Charlotte Zwerin's wonderful *Thelonious Monk: Straight No Chaser*. Ordinarily, movies about great black musicians don't get much distribution. But in this case, the executive producer happens to be Clint Eastwood, who last year gave us *Bird*. I assume it didn't take more than one phone call for the folks at Warner Brothers to understand that Mr. Monk had been a *very* fine artist, and that the public should not be deprived of any opportunity to appreciate him. Thank you, Clint Eastwood.

And thanks to Charlotte Zwerin, who has put together the most satisfying jazz documentary I've seen. The core footage was shot by Michael and Christian Blackwood in 1967-68; intended for West German television and shown only once, the footage became, in the words of co-producer Bruce Ricker, "the Dead Sea Scrolls of jazz." It isn't hard to see why. Monk was often in good form during this period, and the Blackwoods had the sense to shoot his performances in fairly long takes. Their camera, recording in gleaming black and white, looks over Monk's shoulder, peers up at his face, drops down to note the rhythmic flopping of his right foot, but generally does not go astray. You mostly get to see the real drama of Thelonious Monk: his splayed fingers jabbing at the keys.

Zwerin, having been given this gift, knew how to use it. Like the Blackwoods, she doesn't introduce a lot of extraneous cuts but lets Monk's performances speak for themselves. That's all the more necessary because his verbal contributions tend to be gnomic, when not inaudible. To augment the original material, Zwerin has included archival footage and some freshly shot film consisting mostly of interviews and a couple of beautiful duet performances on piano by Tommy Flanagan and Barry Harris. The biographical narration, by Samuel Wright, is concise and free of clichés, both literary and visual. You see the usual pans and zooms on old photographs, but these are kept to a minimum.

The biography, of course, is that of a troubled man, and the film addresses those troubles with a welcome frankness. Thelonious Monk Jr., speaking with the kind of strength and sanity you have to achieve the hard way, recalls that as a child he would sometimes look into his father's eyes and see that Monk didn't quite recognize him. He admits his impulse then was to run, but his mother, Nellie, would not let him: "My mother clearly let me know that it was our responsibility to look out for this guy, the way he looked out for us, every minute he was able to." As Monk's family faced him squarely, so does the film. It shows him in his whirling-dervish dances; it records the confusion he caused by going on tour without troubling to rehearse his new band, or even show them his charts; it discusses briefly but

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clearly the notorious incident of the loss of his cabaret card on a bum drug rap. The sections of the film on his relationship with Nica de Koenigswarter—the Baroness—are given the same matter-of-fact treatment. Far from being sensationalized (as is too often the case), these scenes are among the most touching in the film. Monk felt some peace with the Baroness; the shots from her house overlooking the Hudson, where Monk composed "Pannonica" for her, are full of the sweet, still moodiness of that ballad.

Perhaps the one thing missing is some commentary by Monk's peers; of the musicians who played with him, only Charlie Rouse talks about Monk. But then, as a substitute, you have the Flanagan-Harris duos, especially a soft, rather slow version of "Misterioso," which they play almost like a lullaby. That performance comes just before the final section of the film, on the silence of Monk's last years and on his funeral. It's probably the most appropriate way for his fellow musicians to pay their respects.

A Dry White Season, Euzhan Palcy's adaptation of the novel by André Brink, has opened to lukewarm response, which I think is a pity. People seem to feel it should have been more exciting and less predictable. Maybe so; but the qualities that have disappointed some viewers might appear to others as virtues. Before the picture fades from the screen, I'd like to ask you to give it a chance.

Near the beginning, a schoolteacher named Ben (Donald Sutherland) declares, "There's nothing to be done"; and a good many characters throughout the film echo his words, for reasons as various as satisfaction, resignation and despair. The time is 1976; the place, South Africa. A student uprising is in progress, despite the conviction of most adults that really, nothing can be done. Even Gordon (Winston Ntshona), who is regarded in Soweto as a wise man, seems to feel that way. With a foresight that is all too acute, he orders his son not to participate in any demonstration (to no avail). Empty-handed children are about to confront the power of the state, and Gordon has no illusions about how the state will respond.

But once the shooting is over, Gordon decides that he, too, must now do something, if only to discover where his son is buried. His family minister counsels him merely to accept the death. So does Ben. (Gordon, who works as a gardener at the school, appeals to Ben for help, only to hear the standard response.) Yet Gordon persists; and so he dies, too.

Then it's Ben's turn to start believing that something might be done. Stanley (Zakes Mokae), a shantytown activist who was Gordon's friend, warns Ben not to get involved: "You're out of it," he tells the white man with the calm life and pretty family, "so stay out of it." But the contagion has spread from Gordon's son to Gordon to Ben, who now has the utterly necessary, inevitably fatal desire to do something.

At this point, early in the film, Ben still apprehends his desire as a hope. It is in the course of educating him—burning away his hope and leaving him with a clearheaded determination in its stead—that *A Dry White Season* turns into something rare and unfashionable. That, I think, may be part of the reason audiences have responded so indifferently to the film, for it is a tragedy. I don't mean tragedy as it is often understood, in terms of personal morality—when he starts out Ben is no hero, nor is it hubris that brings him low. Rather, this is tragedy in its full political dimension: The protagonist pursues his doom for the best of motives, challenging an authority that is deadly in both its force and its laws. The formula for this genre is, "Do the right thing, then die"—not a welcome lesson for most American audiences, but convincing enough, because of both the setting and the director.

A native of the West Indies, Euzhan Palcy first made her name with *Sugar Cane Alley*, a film whose charm was so great as almost to obscure its anger. Set in colonial Martinique, the picture told the story of a boy's education as he worked his way up from the cane fields. Few films have conveyed so vividly the thrill of intellectual awakening; the protagonist seems almost like Adam, gaining possession of the world with each new thing he names. But the point of *Sugar Cane Alley* is that knowledge does not come cheap for the black boy. It is bought with the life of his grandmother, who works herself to death so that he can go to school.

The protagonist of *A Dry White Season* gradually understands that he must make a similar bargain: his life for a headline, which will embarrass the South African government for a day or two. Forgive me for giving away the plot; in this case, I don't think it much matters. A sense of inevitability (predictability, if you will) being necessary to tragedy, there is no pleasure to be found

EVENTS.

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in seeing how Ben might haggle over terms, as he might in less stringent genres. Rather, you watch *A Dry White Season* for the sake of participating emotionally with Ben as he slowly realizes that his bargain, which on the surface looks like a losing proposition, is not merely inevitable but good.

Donald Sutherland, who has been none too choosy about his roles over the years, takes on the part of Ben with almost visible relief. He seems to sink into the character, as if it felt as well worn to him as his schoolteacher costume. Everything about the man is relaxed, decent, tweedy; while under the clothes, Ben still has the lanky, hard body of a onetime rugby hero. Sutherland gets across the impression that Ben is still less a scholar than an athlete, who is greatly shocked to learn that the rules of the game are different from what he'd been told. In the early scenes, though he defends the regime with the worst of pieties, he seems naïve rather than pompous. When he first ventures into Soweto, to view Gordon's body, he is fully open to the shock of the death and a sense of danger at being the only white in the crowd; but Sutherland also finds a way to hint that Ben feels rather like a boy on an adventure. Later, when Ben turns inward as if trying to uproot the regime from his own heart, Sutherland seems to grow deeper before your eyes. This is the moral action of the film, which is not exactly exciting but still can be engrossing in its own way. In a single, brief reaction shot, Sutherland can take you through an entire cycle of shock, reflection and pained understanding.

Zakes Mokae, who can look strong even while pretending to cringe before a police sergeant, is perhaps more an icon than a character when compared with Ben. For him, every question is already settled; the only decision is how many levels of irony to put into his rasp of a voice—which is, perhaps, only true to life for a Soweto activist. Mokae's one departure from iconic status is a drunk scene, of which the less said the better. His performance is admirable, as always, but I wish he'd been allowed the same range as Sutherland. The other notable performance belongs to Marlon Brando, as a civil rights lawyer who sues the government over Gordon's death just to demonstrate to Ben that nothing, really nothing, can be done. Political commitment seems to have moved Brando to act instead of just making an appearance. His body now resembles that of Orson Welles (perhaps as he appeared in *Compulsion*, as Clarence Darrow); he adopts the eyeglasses and hair of William Kunstler. Sly, witty, long used to futility, this character gives Brando the opportunity for a star turn, which he expertly tones down into a memorably lively character part.

Palcy's direction, apart from her calibration of these performances, tends to be understated. She keeps the camera moving fluidly within scenes; when she wants to editorialize, she uses shock cuts (between the shantytown, for example, and the manicured lawns of the school), a technique so common as to be in its way unobtrusive. The biggest, most flamboyant sequences come near the beginning, with Palcy's re-creation of the massacre of the Soweto students. She proves she can be pretty effective with this sort of material; but then she settles down to a story that has more to do with moral wrestlings than with the action in the street. I think she introduces one very false note at the end—an event that gives the audience its chance to cheer, and thereby diminishes the tragedy—and some of her dramaturgy seems less than fresh. But that won't take away my pleasure in recalling Donald Sutherland late in the film, as he recognizes and accepts one final betrayal, then goes ahead with a plan he knows to be fatal. This might not be stirring filmmaking, and it is certainly not original; but I think Palcy and Brink and Sutherland truly mean what they're doing. The depth of feeling comes across.

Of the pictures shown at the New York Film Festival going into immediate distribution, I can recommend two in particular. *Yaaba*, by Idrissa Ouedraogo, is a fable shot in and around a village in Burkina Faso, using a cast of nonprofessionals. The plot concerns the friendship between a young boy and an old woman who is suspected of being a witch and has to live as an outcast. I can't say the movie transcends one's expectations for this sort of production; you generally hope to see unusual, expressive faces and an unfamiliar landscape, and if there's good music (as is usually the case with African films), then so much the better. The standard way of complimenting films such as *Yaaba* is to call them charming; if that sounds like faint praise, I apologize. Charm is what the picture has, in ample measure, and for that Ouedraogo and his cast should be congratulated.

Breaking In, directed by Bill Forsyth from a screenplay by John Sayles, is a rather anecdotal film about an old safecracker named Ernie (Burt Reynolds) and his apprentice in crime, a goofy young man named Mike (Casey Siemaszko). Forsyth's films, like the better Third World village pictures you see at festivals, live or die on their charm. This one has as much unhurried geniality as *Yaaba*. For most of the picture, the criminal buddies don't have to run from the cops; in fact, they don't encounter anything much worse than a curious guard dog. The creation of such a placid atmosphere should not be taken for granted, though. *Breaking In* gives you a wealth of information, as John Sayles usually does in his scripts, but it moves rather more gracefully than anything Sayles has directed himself. You can't expect belly laughs from the picture, but you will probably smile broadly throughout. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 478*)

article showing the flaws in this policy ["The Fed's Yo-yo," July 17].

Not only did Paul Volcker not know, or not admit, the real reasons for the inflation of the 1980s; he set a policy that could hardly have been worse. Volcker did not seem to realize that interest is an almost universal business cost. Raising interest rates to fight inflation raises business costs, followed by an increase in prices to cover those costs, thus worsening the inflationary problem. Consequently, Volcker's program to control inflation did not work until a serious recession was created, throwing millions of workers out of their jobs.

The tragedy is that almost no one seems to have learned from this experience. When Alan Greenspan was being considered by the Senate Finance Committee to replace Volcker, the senators seemed most intent on making certain that Greenspan would be as ruthless in "tightening the screws" as Volcker had been.

It proves the old adage that what we learn from history is that we do not learn anything from history.

John C. Davis
Former Chief Economist
President's Council of Economic Advisers

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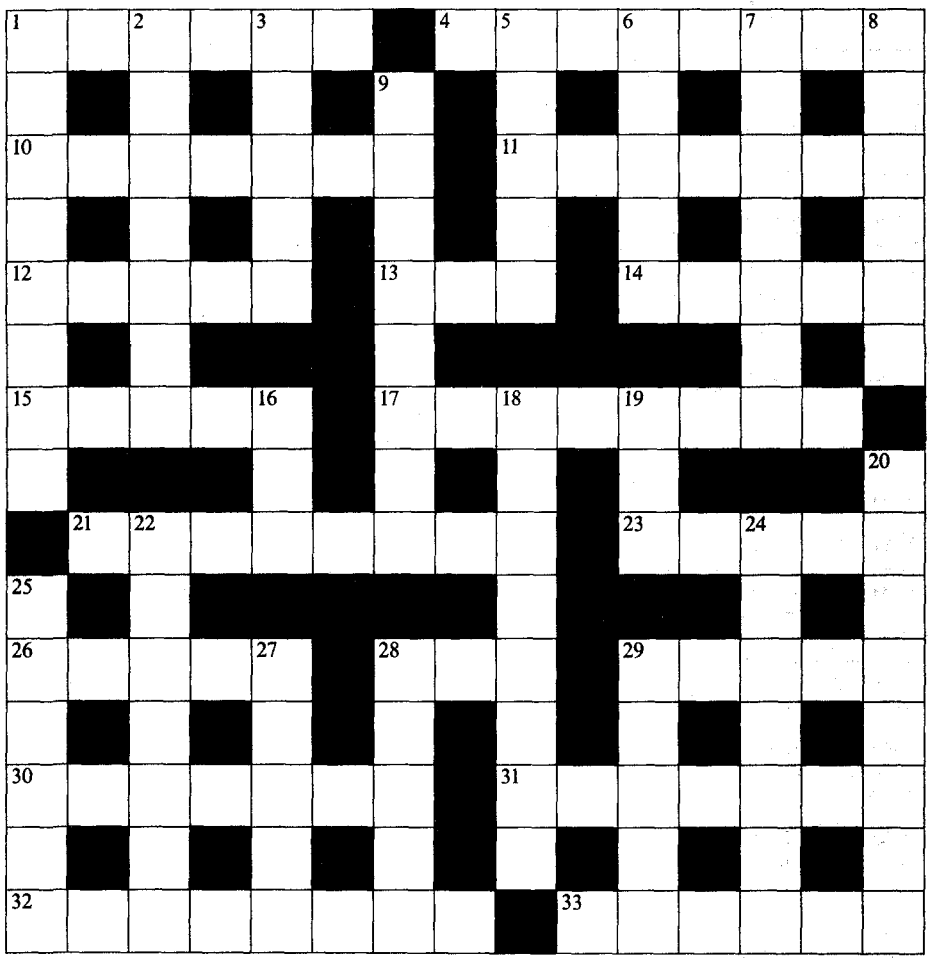

ACROSS

1 and 4 Where an artificial red band poured out what might be otherwise brewed? (6,3-5)
10 Class distinction obviously came first, but caused certain bitterness. (7)
11 Every day you have a bad run in the face of things! (7)
12 Violently disliked violent death. (5)
13 Like a guest at a Carroll 4 across, the old lady comes back! (3)
14 It may need a player to keep out one of the little women. (5)
15 Bring me back in mink, perhaps—I can't stand not to have one! (5)
17 See 26
21 Where the ears should be bigger than usual? (8)
23 It involves the air, at what might go to one's head. (5)
26 and 17 Pursuing what the eager dress designers always are, in a sense. (5,1,7)
28 See 19 down
29 Make a profit once more? (5)
30 The command "Enter!" might be appropriate. (2,5)
31 Both ends of the line—or at least a time spent in one of them. (7)
32 and 33 Giants found in it? The country has everything, to a point—but ends up in a shaky condition. (8,6)

DOWN

1 and 25 In a sense, it takes place almost every week in the publishing business, but the movies made it early in the century. (5,2,1,6)
2 Can't get confused in addition, but some consider it a retreat. (7)
3 An antediluvian giant came first, and gave one the eye. (5)
5 The lines supposedly did in 31. (5)
6 Sound sounds like something pulled straight out of a pie! (5)
7 Meet on a crash basis? (3,4)
8 One might so appear with 20 to be commonly afraid. (6)
9 At which something like a mare could be purchased, even if it's only water. (5,3)
16 See 19 down
18 Be older than what Uncle may go on, by the sound of it. (8)
19, 28 across and 16 Such play with diamonds is not an accident. (3,3,3)
20 Prejudice caused by too much bile? (8)
22 Decribing the one with more dates than others? (And further removed, too.) (7)
24 Such things are really awful! (Grace was so described.) (7)
25 See 1 down
27 Notice in Brazil that it's set for entertainment, perhaps? (5)
28 The trunk of a catalpa or tamarack? (5)
29 Eager to differ, or not to differ? (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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